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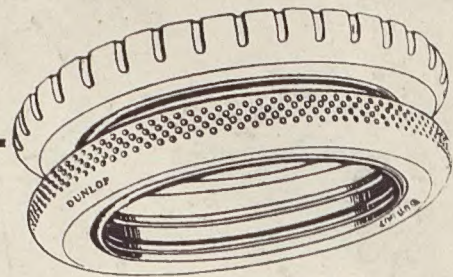


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The Sketch

No. 1148.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY AS A RED CROSS NURSE : LADY MICHELHAM, WHO IS AT THE FRONT WITH THE AMBULANCE TRAIN GIVEN BY HER HUSBAND.

Wealthy and charming, Lady Michelham is also one of the most kind-hearted of women, and is devoting herself to the care of wounded in the Great War. At the outbreak of hostilities she gave much time and thought to tending soldier-patients at Biarritz ; now she has gone further north, and has joined the ambulance-train presented to the British Expeditionary Force by her husband, the first Baron

Michelham, formerly so well known as Sir Herbert Stern. Lady Michelham was married in 1898, and has two sons—the Hons. Hermann Alfred Stern, born Sept. 5, 1899, and Jacque Herbert Stern, born in 1903. Lady Michelham has the Order of Mercy, and is President of the League. She was Miss Aimée Geraldine Bradshaw, daughter of Mr. Octavius Bradshaw, J.P., D.L., of Powderham Castle.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.



German Chivalry.

I wish Mr. Archibald Hurd, or Mr. Fred T. Jane, or Mr. Gerald Fiennes, or one of the other naval experts would explain to us the psychological difference between the British naval man and the German naval man. It is all very well to tell us how many ships the Germans have lost, and how many we have lost, and how many new cruisers we are launching this year, and how many the Germans are launching—these things, I say, are deeply interesting to the expert and by no means without interest for the non-expert. But we want to know a great deal more than that. We want to understand the kind of man with whom we have to deal. The more you know about your enemy, the more chance you have of beating him, whether he fights fairly or whether he does not.

How is it that the British sailor is the soul of chivalry—a thing that has been proved to the whole world again and again since this war began—whilst the German sailor (and I include airmen amongst sailors) is quite prepared to shoot his own men struggling in the water, to blaze off his huge guns at women and children, and to drop bombs by night on the cots of sleeping infants? Let us look at the thing without heat. Here you have two men, breathing much the same atmosphere, worshipping the same God, getting their livings on the same old ocean. What makes one the salt of the earth, and the other the scum of the earth? Because you cannot attack undefended towns, without warning, unless you are the scum of the earth. Anybody will grant that, I imagine.

Responsibility of the Airman.

The German soldier appears to be a gentleman compared with the German sailor. To our ears, this sounds almost blasphemous, but the facts speak for themselves. You may say, "What about the atrocities in Belgium?" The reply to that is simple. In Belgium, you had a low type of intellect rendered lower by alcoholic excesses—the effect of alcohol is always in inverse ratio to the mental calibre of the consumer, reducing the clod to something lower than the lowest animal, and raising the man of refined sensibilities to Olympian heights (while the effect lasts)—and deliberately encouraged by what should have been the higher type of intellect.

You cannot make the same excuse for the men who carried out the raid on Yarmouth, and Sheringham, and King's Lynn. The airman is neither a sot nor an ignoramus. He is a skilled scientific person, and he knows that his life depends upon his clear-headedness. He does not set out on a dangerous voyage across the North Sea in a state of intoxication. He lays his plans beforehand with the utmost care. He knows exactly where he is going, he knows the towns he intends to attack, he knows whether they are in a position to retaliate or not.

There were no anti-aircraft guns at Yarmouth, or Sheringham, or King's Lynn, and the German airmen knew it. There are no forts in these places, and that they knew. But there were little children, and inoffensive women, and peaceful civilians. That, too, they knew.

The Kaiser's God Sleepeth.

"In the house through which one of the bombs passed a small child had a wonderful escape. The child had been put to bed, but for some reason or another was restless and plaintive, and its parents eventually brought it downstairs. A few minutes afterwards the bomb came and fell right through the bed in which the little one had been sleeping."

The Kaiser's luck was not in. It was a pity that his brave airman did not kill that child! What could the Kaiser's Special and Exclusive God have been doing not to guide that bomb through the

tender body of the little child? Was He sleeping? Here is a just cause of complaint. Perhaps the Kaiser, full of righteous indignation, will order his anti-aircraft guns to bombard the Courts of Heaven? It would be a splendid achievement to bring down a flight of Angels!

But I do not think the Imperial War Lord will let his vexation run away with him to that extent. After all, he will reflect, God can strike an Emperor just as easily as He can save a little child. That would be a terrible calamity! It is bad enough, goodness knows, to catch cold and have to retire to one's Palace at Berlin for a while, with no other amusement than to read the daily lists of killed and wounded amongst those fighting at one's Imperial command. If God became angry, one's soldiers and sailors could not save one! Down, then, on our Imperial knees and explain, volubly, the grief it causes Us to drop bombs by night on unprotected cradles. "We, from the snug security of Our Imperial Headquarters, what time honest husbands and fathers are perishing for US—although they can't think why—by the thousand, beg to explain in the clearest possible manner that it is necessary, for the sake of Our Imperial Majesty, to kill as many English babies as possible, their opposition being much less serious than that of the horrid soldiers and sailors . . ."

Should We Retaliate?

The military authorities will now have to decide whether we shall retaliate in like manner. It is a nice point. Are the civilian population of Germany to remain immune, thereby earning greater and greater meeds of praise for the Kaiser and his high-souled Staff, or are we to yield to the temptation to influence public opinion in Germany against the war by wrecking undefended towns and slaughtering women and children? Or you may put it to yourself in this way: Are we to continue to allow the Germans to kill our women and children in order that we may show our Shield of Honour to the world (technically) untarnished?

That word "technically" makes all the difference. Is it an honourable thing in a nation to refrain from any mode of warfare that may prevent the enemy from committing outrages on the defenceless? It is for the authorities to decide, but their counsels might well be backed by public opinion. Let us share the responsibility.

"No Panic."

For the rest, everybody agrees that the people in the assaulted areas remained calm. I like particularly the story of the proprietor or manager of a hotel at Yarmouth. This gentleman is said to have said—

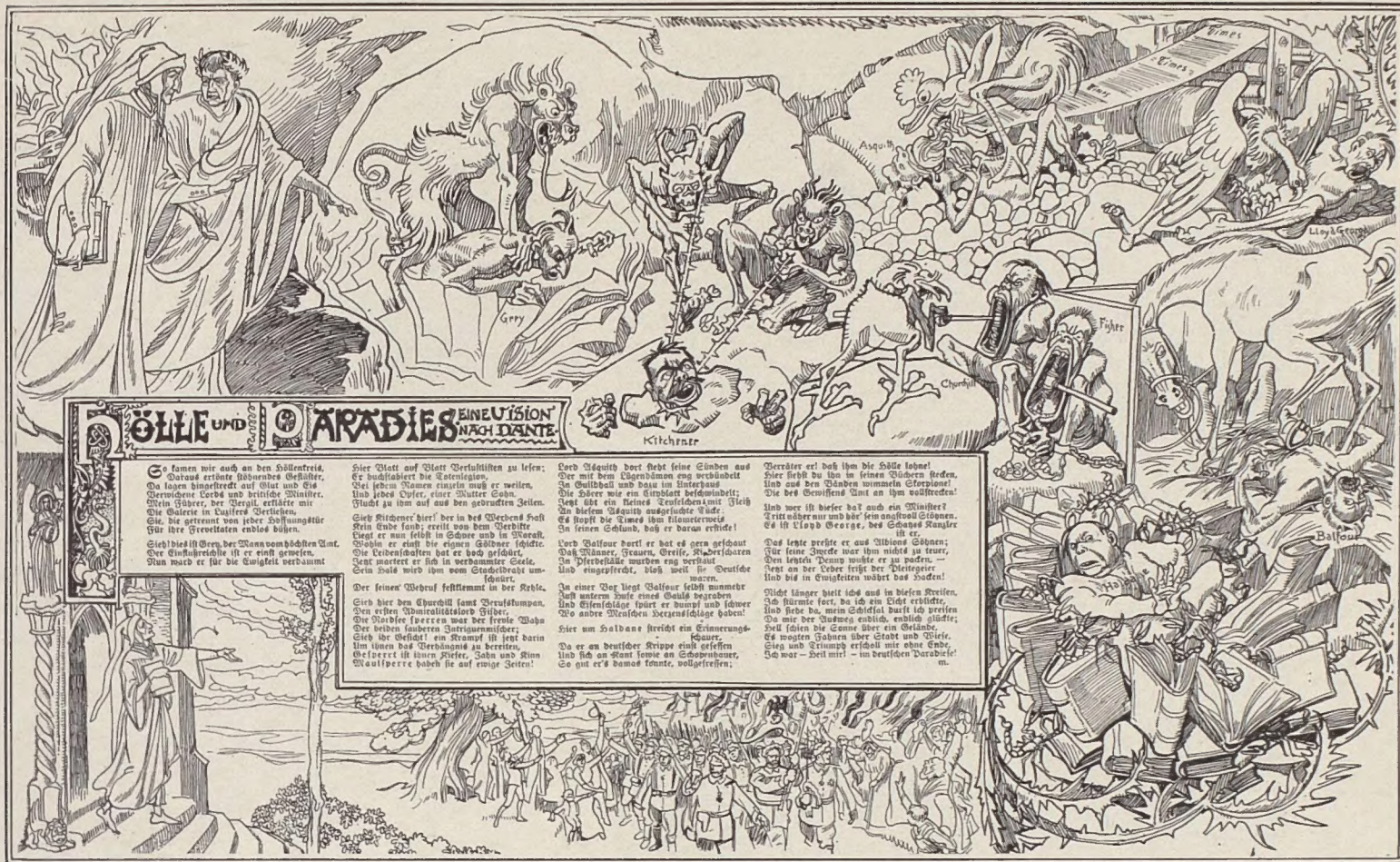
"I was sitting in the vestibule of the hotel at 8.30. My attention was suddenly arrested by a loud report. People in the room remarked, 'Ah, the Germans have come.'"

"I said, 'No, it is a bit of practice.' Some moments later on, hurrying to the front door, I saw three intense flashes of light, and shortly afterwards heard the resultant explosions. People remained calm. I did not see any of the raiding aircraft myself."

I scarcely think that the gentleman, even under the stress of excitement, when people are apt to express themselves in rather stilted phrases, would have said "vestibule," or "my attention was suddenly arrested," or "it is a bit of practice," or "three intense flashes of light," or "resultant explosions," or "raiding aircraft." But no matter. You don't need real conversations when you can get bombs.

The main thing is that the people remained calm. Here vanishes the last shred of an excuse for the raid. Scarborough remained calm; Whitby remained calm; now Yarmouth, Sheringham, and King's Lynn have remained calm. Do the Germans, ever hopeful, intend to test the nerves of every peaceful hamlet on the East Coast?

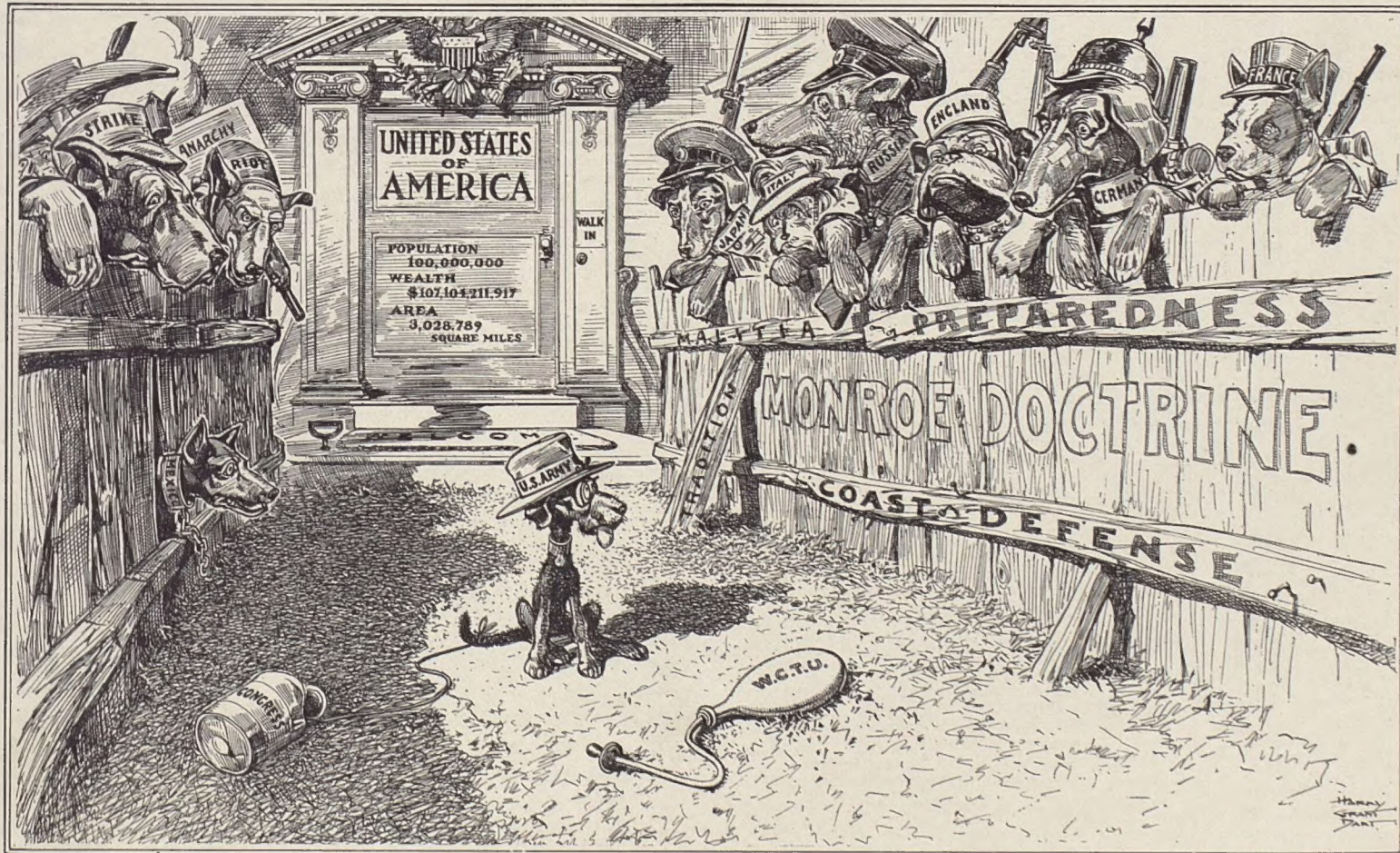
A HATE-CARTOON AND SOME CARTOON: WAR PICTURES.



A GERMAN HATE-VISION AFTER DANTE: HELL AND PARADISE—BRITISH MINISTERS, MR. BALFOUR, AND LORD FISHER TORTURED IN THE FORMER; VICTORIOUS GERMAN SOLDIERS IN THE LATTER!

The German humorous artist of the moment seems to be modelling his policy on the lines of the unscrupulous advice of the shady solicitor: "If you have a bad case belabour your opponent." Nothing could be more vitriolic than the satire which they are pouring out on England more especially. "Regions of sorrow, doleful shades," in

truth, make up the Germanic Inferno, and the curious reader will have no difficulty in discerning British personalities and in wondering, as George III. did of the apples in the dumplings, how they got there. The enemy's idea of Paradise—the triumphant entry of their soldiery—is scarcely likely to find endorsement all the world over.

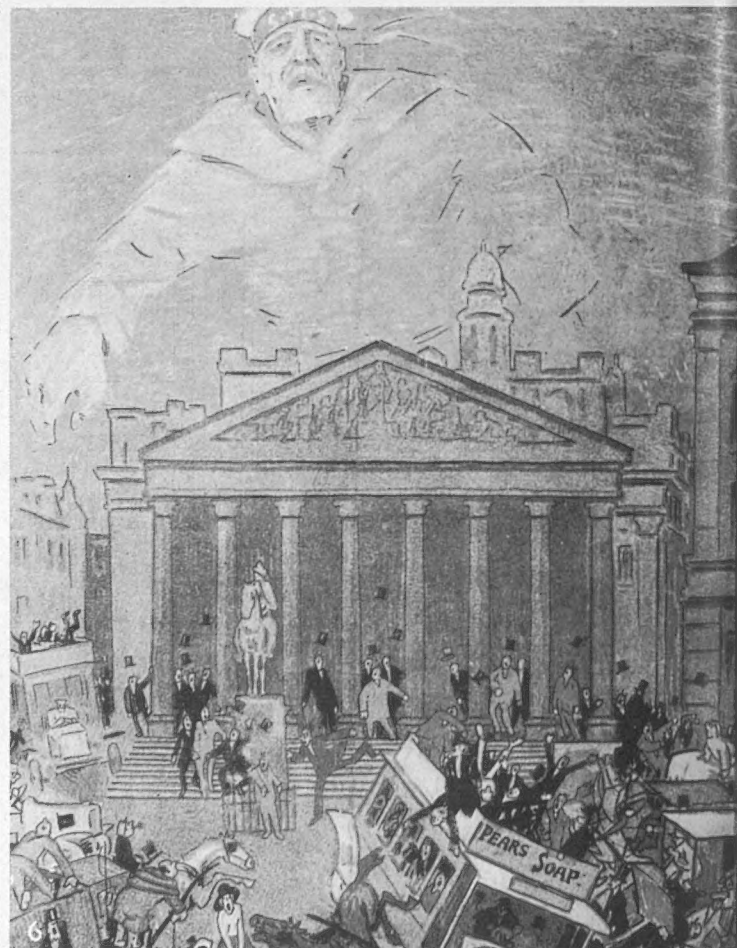
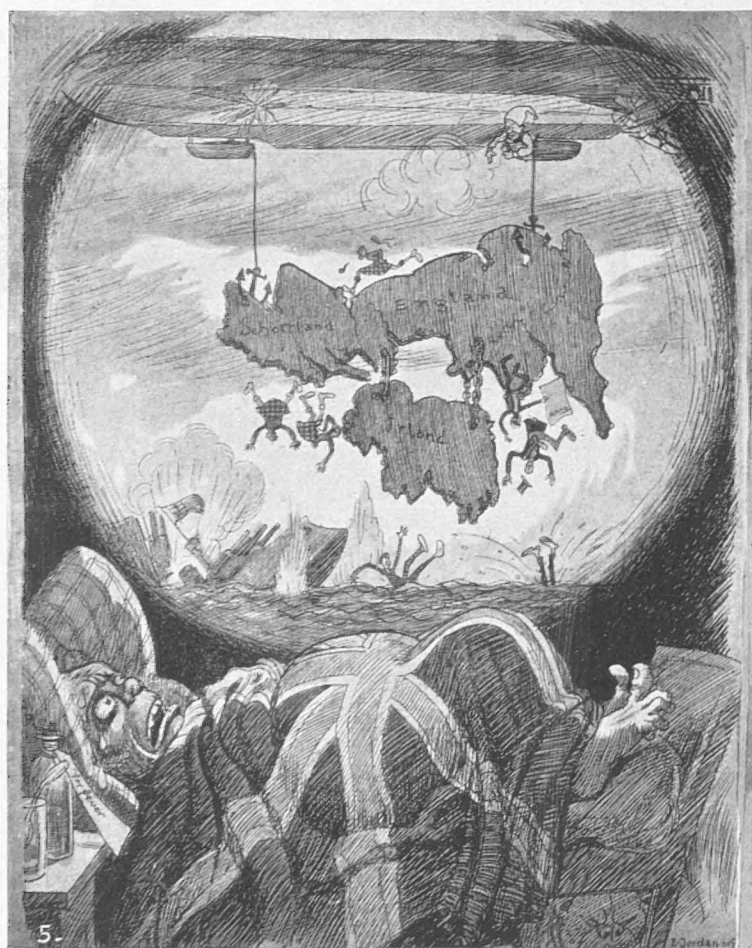
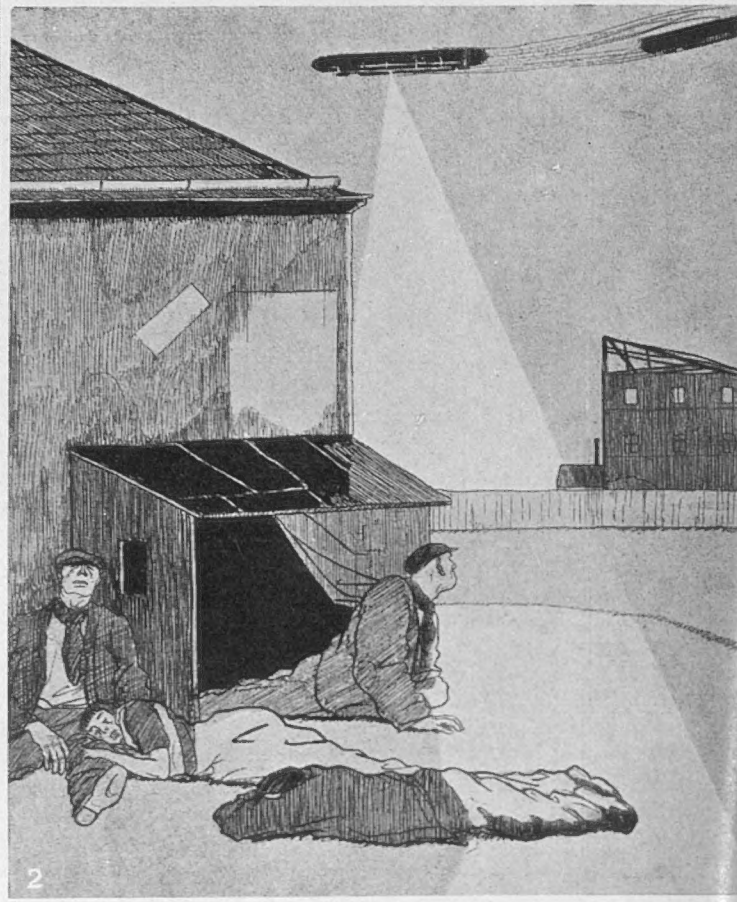
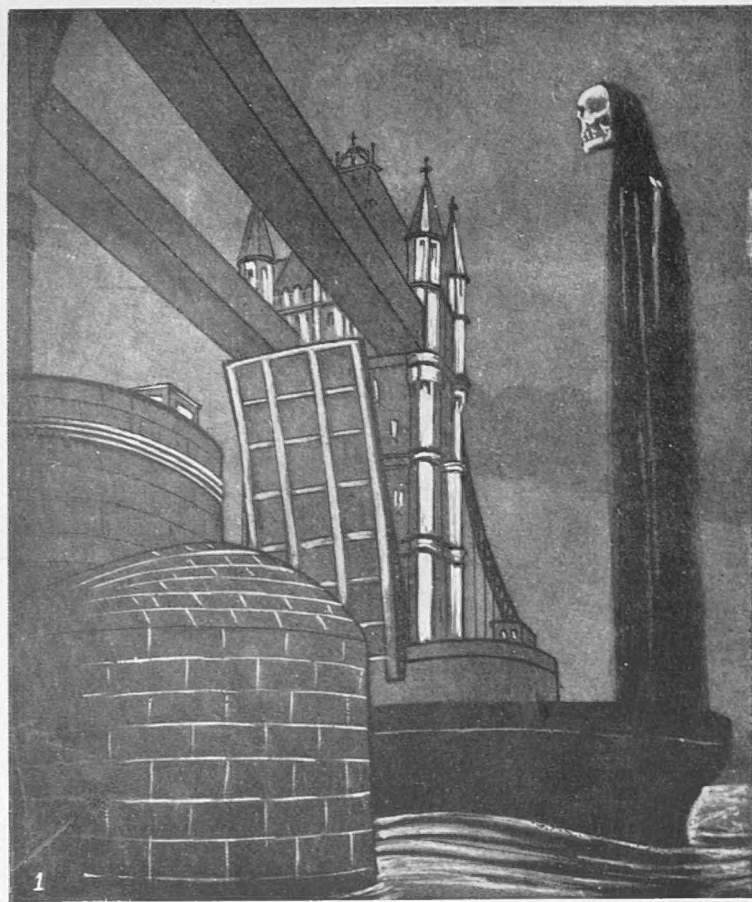


THE UNITED STATES LAUGHING AT ITS ARMY: "THE NATION'S GUARDIAN," AS A LONE, LORN LITTLE DOG, WITH CONGRESS TIED TO HIS TAIL, ISOLATED BETWEEN THE FENCE OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND A FENCE BARRING STRIKE, RIOT, AND ANARCHY.

The cartoon given above is from an American paper. It laughs at the proposed increase of the United States land forces—an addition of some 25,000 men. We see the United States Army as a forlorn little dog hampered by having Congress tied to its tail. Two

somewhat shaky fences enclose it. Behind one are Strike, Riot, Anarchy, and Mexico; behind the other, whose chief planks are the Monroe Doctrine bolstered by Tradition, Militia, Preparedness, and Coast-Defence, are half-a-dozen great dogs of war.

GULLING THE GERMANS: A GAME FOR THE ENEMY'S



1. DOOM—GERMAN BRAND—APPROACHES THE TOWER BRIDGE, WHICH IS A PROMINENT FEATURE OF MANY OF THE ENEMY'S WAR-CARTOONS—DOUBTLESS BECAUSE READILY RECOGNISABLE.

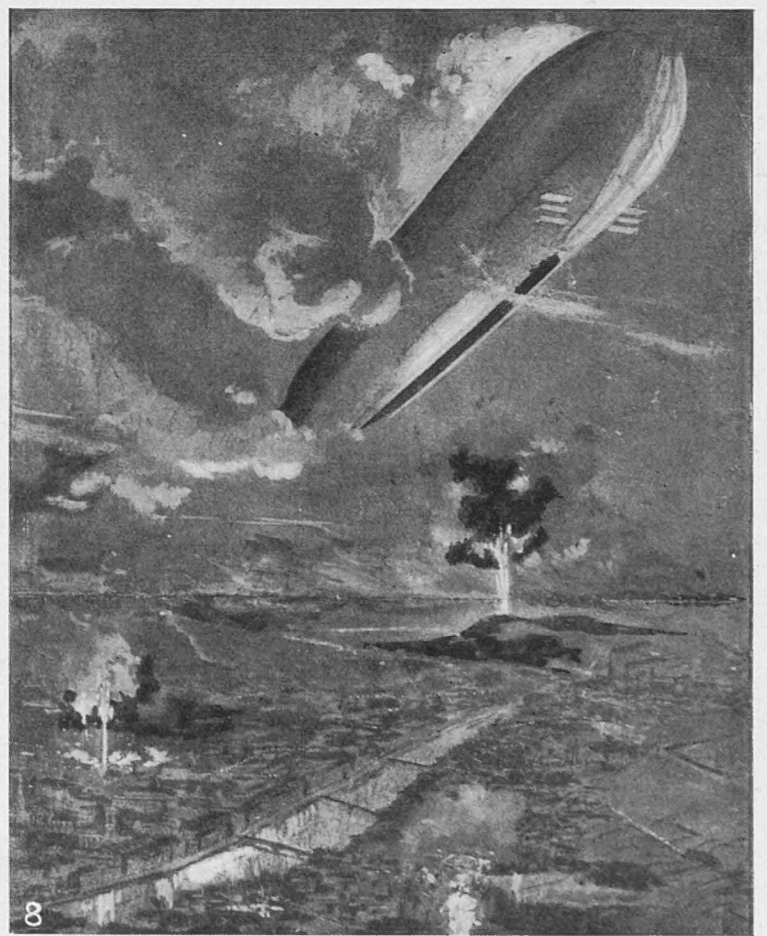
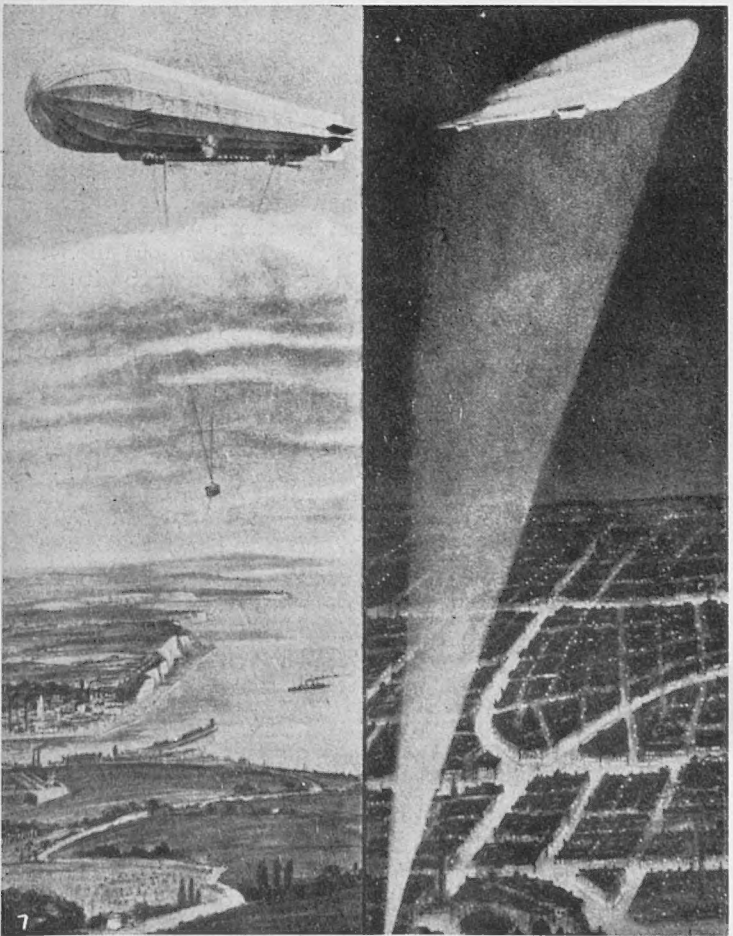
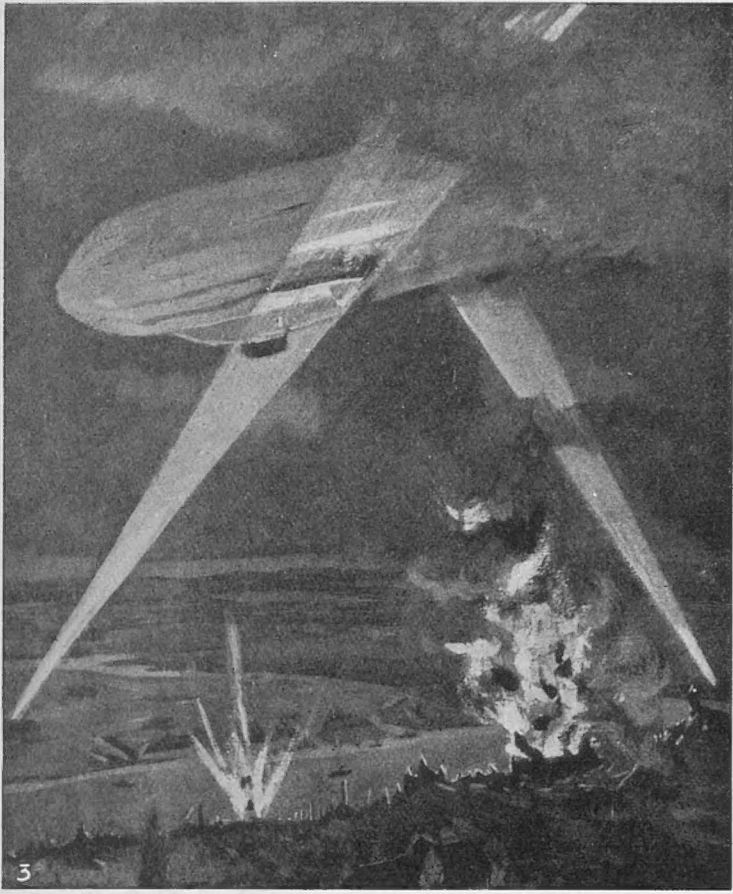
5. JOHN BULL'S NIGHTMARE: "THOUGH TRUE IN PARTS" (AN AUSTRIAN PAPER SAYS) "THIS DREAM SO BAD PROVES THAT GREAT BRITAIN'S GOING MAD!"

2. LONDON AS THE DARKEST PLACE IN THE WORLD: "THIS," SAYS THE SLEEPER AWAKENED, "IS THE FIRST LIGHT WE'VE HAD IN LONDON BY NIGHT FOR MANY A LONG WEEK."

6. PERIL IN THE FORM OF A GERMAN BLUEJACKET! "HEAVENS!" CRY THE LONDON CITY MEN, "THE DANGER DRAWS NEARER AND NEARER."

We give on this double-page a number of illustrations from German and Austrian papers, highly imaginative pictures showing what Germany would like to think she is doing with the aid of her civilian-killing air-ships! Germany avowedly reckons "Frightfulness" among her weapons; but if she thinks that her gas-bag bogies are disturbing Great Britain or France, or the land of any of our Allies, she is, it seems unnecessary to point out, very much mistaken. Naturally, indignation

OFFICIALDOM AND PRESS — SOME ZEPPELIN FANCIES!



3. AS IT HAS NOT BEEN! A "FAKE" PICTURE OF A ZEPPELIN VISITING THE THAMES AND DROPPING BOMBS, CAUSING MUCH DESTRUCTION AND NUMEROUS FIRES.
7. NOT IN THE LEAST ACCURATE: A ZEPPELIN HOVERING OVER ENGLISH COAST TOWNS IN *DAYLIGHT*, AND A LONDON SEARCHLIGHT REVEALING ONE OF THE DEADLY VISITORS.

4. A HIT AT PARIS! "HANG IT!" SAY THE CIVILIANS, AS THE ZEPPELIN DROPS ITS "MOST DEADLY BOMBS," "HERE COMES THE TRUTH"—AS PROPAGATED BY BERLIN.
8. AN ANTICIPATION WHICH IS BY NO MEANS INTELLIGENT: ZEPPELINS IN FORCE BOMBARDING LONDON FROM THE CLOUDS.

is felt at the wanton dropping of bombs on unfortified places; but there is no fear of German air-craft, rather curiosity about them. Nothing could be further from the truth than the fifth illustration, in which John Bull is dreaming feverishly that a Zeppelin has hooked and is carrying away England, Scotland, and Ireland: this, to say nothing of the ridiculous as well as obvious untruth of the other drawings.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE BEE MASON AND THE BEE ARCHITECT.*

How Doth the Big Bumble Bee?

"Come, now, I will unfold the qualities which
 Jupiter himself has implanted in the bees,"
 sang Virgil—how many centuries ago!—in
 Naples. And since then a long line of poets, philosophers, and
 scientists have been busy about the bees. Here is a work by one
 of their subtlest observers—poet, philosopher, and naturalist too:
 "the insect's Homer," as Maeterlinck described Jean Henri Fabre.

An Acquired Taste for Honey and Knowledge.

Nothing is more attractive in Fabre's study of
 the bees than the chance that started him on
 their haunts. These are not the hiving bees
 that lend themselves to commerce and the
 breakfast-table, but the magnificent Bee, violet-winged and velvet-
 robed, that hums along the summer air-paths, solitary and self-
 absorbed. Fabre went to the post of master in a primary French
 school "with a diploma and all the simple enthusiasm of eighteen
 years." Then with May the scholars made a sortie to the fields for
 open-air geometry, Fabre himself buying the outfit from his salary
 of £70 a year—a convenient open ground where he could see all his
 flock all at once, and far too barren for the unripe apricots which
 always were so irresistible. "Well, from the very first day my
 attention was attracted by something suspicious." The boys stopped
 and stooped when they should have been planting stakes and
 measuring angles; "most of them were caught licking a bit of straw.
 The polygon came to a full stop, the diagonals suffered. What
 could the mystery be? I inquired, and everything was explained.
 A born searcher and observer, the scholar had long known what the
 master had not yet heard of—namely, that there was a big black
 bee who made clay nests on the pebbles. These nests contained
 honey; and my surveyors used to open them and empty the cells
 with a straw. The honey, although rather strong-flavoured, was
 most acceptable. I acquired a taste for it myself and joined the
 nest-hunters, putting off the polygon till later. It was thus that
 I first saw Réaumur's Mason-bee, knowing nothing of her history
 and nothing of her historian."

The Dream That Came True.

Very soon that small schoolmaster's salary was
 drawn upon (to the extent of a month) for a
 classic volume on natural history. The book
 was devoured; "in it I learnt the name of my black bee; I found,
 surrounded in my eyes with a sort of halo, the revered names of
 Réaumur, Huber, and Léon Dufour; and, while I turned the
 pages for the hundredth time, a voice within me seemed to whisper:
 'You also shall be of their company.' Ah, fond illusions," adds
 Fabre, "what has become of you?" And, in presence of even one
 such volume as this, will not the answer return that the "illusion"
 has become a very beautiful reality?

Lady Architects.

Nothing is more suggestive than the con-
 clusions inseparable from the observations.
 The Mason-bee has what must be considered a dull, laborious life.
 When she is not collecting dust from the road and mixing it with
 her moisture into mortar, she is in search of honey to fill her little
 clay vase. She builds it on the pebble, employing stones, much as
 we do bricks, in the cement, and then she sets to work to victual
 it. "She comes with her crop swollen with honey, and her belly
 yellowed underneath with pollen dust. She dives head first into
 the cell, and for a few minutes you see some spasmodic jerks"—she
 is disgorging. Out she comes, only to go in again—backwards.
 She brushes the lower side of her abdomen with her two hind legs
 and rids herself of her pollen. "Once more she comes out, and once
 more goes in head first." She is stirring it all up, and her mandibles
 are the spoon. Every journey this process is repeated, and when
 the victualling is complete the egg has to be laid on top, and the
 house closed. "The cover consists of a lid of pure mortar which
 the bee builds by degrees, working from the circumference to the
 centre." Two days this takes on an average, and then the bee
 starts again on another cradle for its offspring, another food-supply,
 another infant.

The Great Conclusion.

M. Fabre devoted quite a lot of time to putting
 these little workers out. He exchanged their
 nests; he stuck bits of straw down the open-
 ings because he had noticed that in filling the cell they were of a
 Dutch cleanliness, throwing out every speck of dust which profaned
 the nursery; he marked bees and took them miles from their labours,
 that he might discover their homing capacity; he stole honey from
 the nest in the absence of the bee; he caused their cells to leak;
 he abstracted the sacred egg—in fact, he was the very devil to them.
 But no experiment, enthralling and humorous though it appear, is
 for its sake alone. Fabre's mind has a bias of its own. Up to a
 point he finds animal intelligence complete and amazing. But dis-
 turb that routine, confront the intelligence with the accidental,
 and collapse occurs. It is rather "the movement of a machine
 whose works are only set going when the driving-wheel begins to
 revolve." M. Fabre's enchanting books on these problems are now
 to be read in the sympathetic English of M. Teixeira de Mattos.

* "The Mason Bees." By J. H. Fabre. Translated by A. T. de Mattos. (Hodder and
 Stoughton; 6s. net.)



TRANSFORMATION SCENES ACROSS THE CHANNEL: WHAT FRENCH PEOPLE THINK ABOUT THE WAR.

Boulogne in War Time.

To cross the Channel now is to go from our own comparatively cheerful land into a land that feels very heavily the German invasion. The only smiling Frenchmen I saw in Boulogne were two sailors of the French Navy, who came along the main street talking and laughing, and upon whose spirits the war was not weighing heavily. In the post office, to which I went as soon as I had landed, to send off a telegram, I was struck by the quietude of the groups of people who stood about, mostly elderly men, who conversed almost in a whisper. The impression these groups left on me was of men waiting for news from the front concerning sons or brothers who might be in desperate danger. Every telegram had to be "visé" at the Commissariat of Police before it could be accepted at the post office, and when my telegram-form had been duly stamped by the police officials the post office told me that it could not be sent, because neither telegraph nor telephone was working to any of the smaller towns on the coast. When I asked as to the time of trains, I was informed that no time-tables had been issued, and that the only place at which I could find out what trains were likely to run was at the railway station.

My Châlet in a Forest.

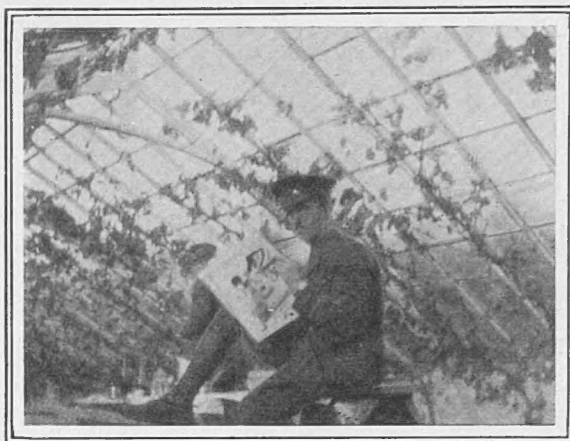
My passage across the Channel was made in order to pay a visit to my châlet in a forest in Picardy, to see that no harm had come to it and to arrange for its safeguard during this troublous period of war. Of my two servants, I knew that Gustave had been recalled to the colours and that he was somewhere in reserve waiting until General Joffre should order his corps up to the fighting line. Marie, his wife, was living in the little cottage behind the châlet, and her little girl and her old mother were keeping her company. More than that I did not know. After making various efforts to get out to Le Touquet by the ordinary routes, I was finally given a lift there in an empty ambulance returning to the Canadian Hospital. I made my journey quite comfortably, though I felt a great pity for the poor wounded fellows who have to be jolted about in the ambulances going over these country roads.

Le Touquet in War Time.

Le Touquet in peace time is one of the gayest little settlements in France, for the English people who flock there play golf or tennis or polo in the daytime, and go to the theatre and the baccarat-rooms at night. In war time it has become a place of great hospitals, only one hotel—the Regina—remaining open for its usual purpose, and even that hotel the French Government wishes to commandeer as a hospital. The Golf Hotel is now the Canadian Hospital, and the wounded soldiers lie in the great glassed-in verandahs, in which in peace time pretty ladies sit and drink tea and watch the golfers going out and coming in, but which now form beautifully lighted and cheerful wards. Each ward is named after some Canadian province, and the surgeons and the smiling nurses are all Canadians; but the patients are from all the regiments serving at the front, and there are as yet comparatively few Canadians amongst them, and those mostly medical cases. The transformation seems strange, but is of immense value.

The Duchess of Westminster's Hospital.

The biggest of the hotels, The Hermitage, has been commandeered by the French Government as a French hospital, and the Casino has been put at the disposal of the Duchess of Westminster for her Red Cross hospital, the officials of which mostly live at the Hôtel des Anglais, just over the way. The Casino makes a splendidly airy and spacious hospital, and in the great baccarat-room—where in peace time the play runs very high, and there are sometimes a score of tables surrounded by eager crowds—there are now a hundred and sixty beds for patients. It is quite the perfection of a ward. It was empty except for its beds on the day that I saw it, but a trainload of wounded was to be brought to Etaples that night, and the big ward would be full of patients by the morning. The *petits chevaux* room and the ball-room are both wards, and in both nearly all the beds were full; while outside, in the great pillared verandah, some of the men were lying enjoying the fresh air and the slants of sunshine that shot through the wintry sky. Many pretty ladies and many brain-tired men have in peace time found the air of Le Touquet a wonderful tonic, and now the surgeons say that it is astonishing how quickly wounds heal and bones set in the quietude and the splendid atmosphere of the forest by the sea.



THE "SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER AT THE FRONT: A BRITISH OFFICER READING THE PAPER AMONG THE VINES IN A GLASS-HOUSE.

What the French People Think.

Marie was on the look-out for me at the châlet, and tried hard to tell me in the same breath about the leaks in the roof and of Gustave's fortunes as a soldier. The leaks in the roof I treated lightly, but I was very glad to hear that Gustave had been transferred from the Dragoons to the heavy artillery, is now completing the education of the four Canadian horses that are in his charge, and expects that his battery will soon be ordered into Alsace. Marie was very anxious to know my opinion as to when the war would come to an end, and when I told her that I could see no chance of its conclusion until next autumn she said that the English made war to amuse themselves, and that our men are so well paid that they did not wish the war to come to an end. I, of course, put her right on these two subjects; but I have no doubt that those are two opinions held very generally by the poorer amongst the French people.

Gustave's Christmas Dinner.

Gustave, before he went away to the war, had bought a puppy, a real police dog—one of those sharp, grey, rough-haired dogs that follow at the heel of gendarmes—and had left it with Marie as a protector; and another addition to the live-stock of the châlet was two white cockerels, which Marie, with tears welling over from her eyes, told me she had bought that Gustave might have a good Christmas dinner, for she had made sure that the war would be at an end and that he would have been home by then. When I wished her good-bye and good luck, she said, "Oh, if only Gustave would come back to me, and if the leaks in the roof would mend, I should be so happy!" After I had said *au revoir* to her, she followed me to the gate, and when I wondered that she did this she said, "If Monsieur only knew how lonely we are here, and the Germans so near, he would understand what a pleasure it is to see the face of somebody one knows."



A GREEN-HOUSE AS A BILLET: BRITISH OFFICERS AT THE FRONT QUARTERED IN A VINEYARD.

PUPPETS! THE NEW BELGIAN RULER (PERHAPS!); AND OTHERS.



SELECTED BY THE GERMANS TO SUCCEED KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM! PRINCE OTTO VON WINDISCHGRAETZ (AND HIS WIFE.)

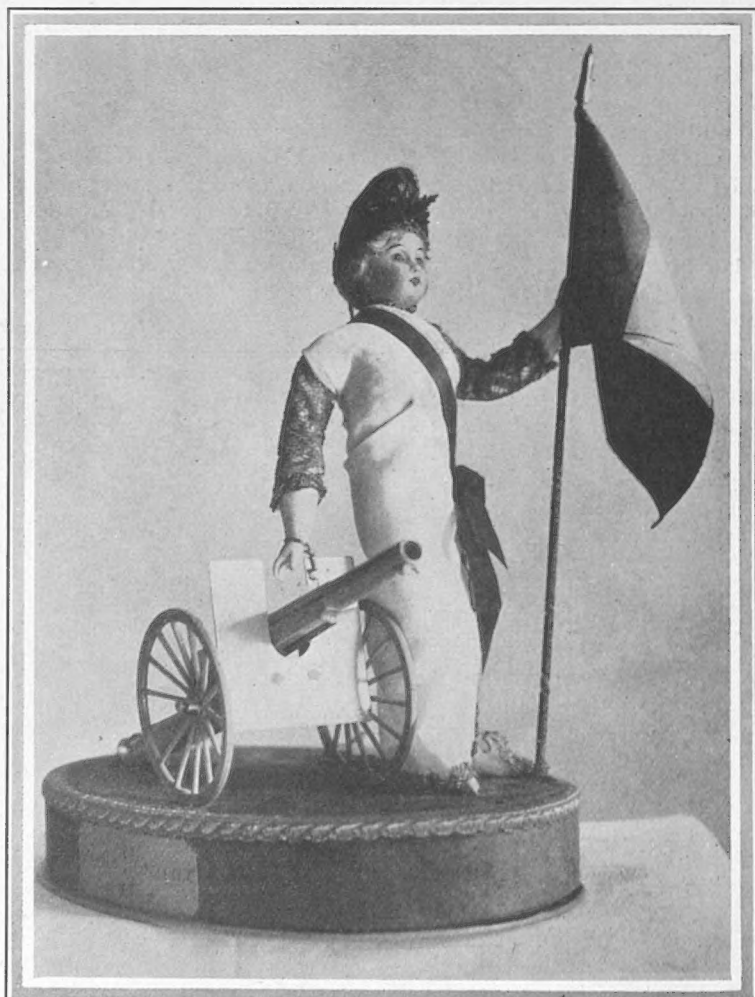


THE WAR-TOUCH ON A FRENCH CHOCOLATE-BOX: A WOUNDED SOLDIER (WITH GERMAN HELMET AS TROPHY); AND A CHARMING RED CROSS NURSE.



CHOCOLATE-BOX FIGURES, IN FRANCE: A HIGHLANDER AND A RED CROSS NURSE.

Here are some puppets. In the first photograph is Prince Otto von Windischgraetz, whom the Germans have selected, with extraordinary lack of humour and foresight, as successor to King Albert as Ruler of the Belgians! With him is his wife. Prince Otto was born at Gratz, on Oct. 7, 1873, son of Prince Ernest of Windischgraetz, and is a Captain of Reserve in the 1st Regiment of Uhlans. In 1902, he married the



ARTILLERY ON A CHOCOLATE-BOX: LA FRANCE AND HER FAMOUS "75."

Archduchess Elizabeth Marie, daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph and the Archduchess Stéphanie (Countess Lonyay). They have three sons and a daughter. The other puppets will be found more pleasing. They are dolls surmounting chocolate-boxes in France—all of them figures directly concerned with the Great War, and showing humour, grim or gay.—[Photographs by Pietzner and Illustrations Bureau.]

AIDES OF BRITAIN AND ALLIES: TWO AMERICAN LADIES.



BASKING IN THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN: LADY BARNARDISTON, WIFE OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER AT TSING-TAU, WITH THE WIVES OF TWO OF HIS STAFF, AT THE IMPERIAL RECEPTION IN TOKIO.

Lady Barnardiston was with her husband, General N. W. Barnardiston, the commander of the British contingent at Tsing-tau, when, after its fall, he visited Tokio to share in the rejoicings over the victory. The British General and his party were received with great enthusiasm, and spent a memorable week of tours and entertainments. General Barnardiston, Major H. G. Pringle, and Captain C. D. H. Moore were received in audience by the Emperor of Japan and entertained,

to luncheon. The Emperor conferred upon the General the Order of the Rising Sun, Second Class; on Major Pringle, the Fourth Class; and on Captain Moore the Fifth Class. Lady Barnardiston was, before her marriage, Miss Sarah Floyd-Jones. Her father, the late Hon. D. R. Floyd-Jones, of Fort Neck House, Massapequa, Long Island, U.S.A., was formerly Secretary of State and Lieutenant-Governor of New York.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



THE BEAUTY OF THE RED CROSS BARGE: MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT, WHO IS PLAYING LADY BOUNTIFUL ON THE YSER.

Miss Maxine Elliott is, we need hardly tell "Sketch" readers, the delightful American actress who is sister of Lady Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott). She is devoting her energies to visiting the Yser Canal in a barge which she has

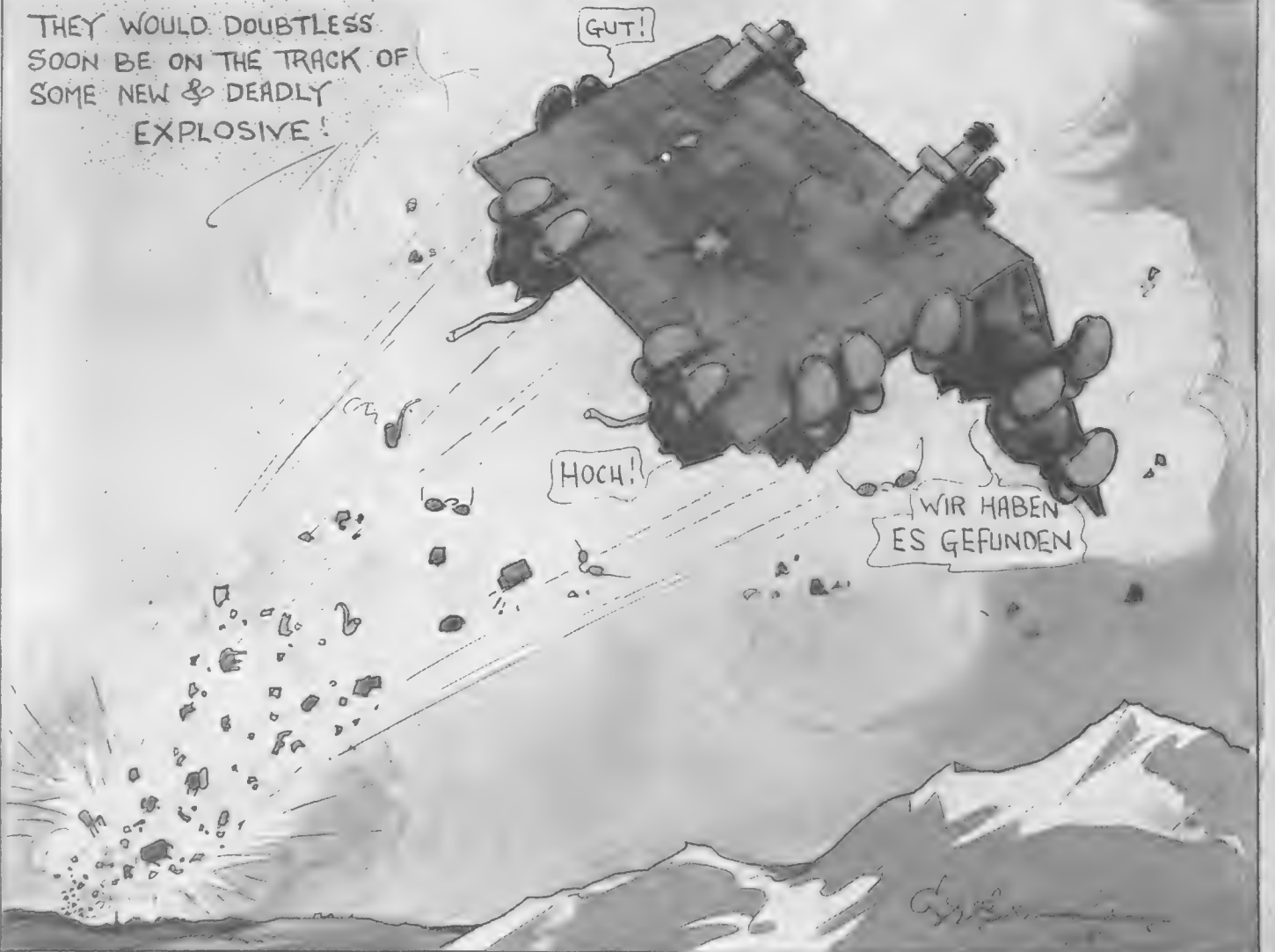
had fitted up and stored with food and clothing for the destitute. Miss Elliott is seen giving instructions to the chauffeur of her Red Cross car before starting on one of her missions of mercy.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

FOR USE WHEN AMMUNITION IS EXHAUSTED.

IF A FEW EMINENT AND SELF-SACRIFICING
GERMAN SCIENTISTS WERE TO EXPLORE
THE MYSTERIES OF AN ANTIQUE
LIMBURGER CHEESE—



THEY WOULD DOUBTLESS
SOON BE ON THE TRACK OF
SOME NEW & DEADLY
EXPLOSIVE!



A SUGGESTION TO THE GERMANS: THE LIMBURGER HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

MOTHER OF "BOBS'" GRANDSON — POSSIBLY A FUTURE EARL.



HEIRESS - PRESUMPTIVE TO HER SISTER, COUNTESS ROBERTS, AND MOTHER OF A SON WHO MAY ONE DAY
BE LORD ROBERTS: LADY EDWINA LEWIN.

Wide interest attaches to the announcement of the birth of a little son, on Monday, Jan. 18, to Major H. F. E. Lewin, R.F.A., and Lady Edwina Lewin, for the mother is the second daughter of the late Earl Roberts, and heiress-presumptive to her sister, Countess Roberts, to whom the title passed by special remainder on the death of Lord Roberts during his visit to France in November last year. By the late Earl's will, his unsettled property was shown to be nearly £80,000, in addition to the sum of

£100,000 granted to him for his services in South Africa; and this latter, subject to certain charges, including an annuity to Lady Roberts, passes to his elder daughter, Aileen Mary, Countess Roberts, with remainder to her children, and, failing her issue, to Lady Edwina Lewin for life, with remainder to her children. The residue of his other property, Lord Roberts left to his wife for life, with remainder to his younger daughter absolutely.—[Photograph by Thomson.]



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

THE Allied diplomatists have set forth so many reasons why Roumania should go to war that there has seemed, on paper, no way out for her. During the reign of the late King one great difficulty would have barred the way—the King himself. King Carol's main determination in life was that his kingdom should never be plunged in warfare; moreover, his German preferences would have materially affected the situation. But if the balance of the late monarch's sympathy was all for Peace and the War Lord, the scale might be somewhat differently adjusted for King Ferdinand and his Queen.

Bucharest and Buckingham Palace. King Ferdinand's personal bias is said to be for the Allies—or, as a correspondent from Bucharest puts it, roast

beef is always to be found on the palace side-boards. He is a friend, self-declared of England, and his wife, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is cousin to King George. Moreover, exactly two years ago, Bucharest was full of the rumour (the wish being father to the thought) of an alliance about to be formed between the Prince of Wales and Princess Elizabeth, King Ferdinand's eldest daughter. London is big enough to swallow a dozen such rumours without noticing them; but in imaginative Roumania people heard the wedding-bells ringing, and rejoiced.

Little Marie of Edinburgh. Twenty-three years ago the heir of the Roumanian throne was betrothed to "little Marie of Edinburgh," as she was called by her English aunts and uncles. We knew her father as the Duke of Edinburgh, a Prince who consorted with musicians, and whose fiddling was made much of by the public. He was a Santley or a Patti for filling the Albert Hall, until he became more or less lost to Kensington and his audience by taking up the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. As "Edinburgh" he was familiar enough, but we are inept at finding our way among the pages of the German Almanack. The Duke's daughter, as Consort of a Roumanian King, stands out more clearly from the crowd of European royalty.

The Traditional Enemy. For Roumania, and its House, mean something to the Englishman. Though we never go there, and are disgracefully unfamiliar with its aspect, even on the map, we have a feeling for the little nation wedged between the overbearing forces of the Continent. Austria holds a portion of its people in fee; Turkish raids are grim facts that have impressed themselves on the population: Roumanian children have no need to go to their history-books to learn about them—hatred of the raiders lives in the stories that are told round winter fires. But most of all by reason of its speech does the country single itself out from the linguistic confusion—to our minds—of vast regions inhabited by Slavs, Germans, Turks, and

Phanariote Greeks. Roumanian is a Latin tongue closely resembling Italian, but retaining much more of the classic tradition than does the speech of modern Rome. Here, then, is another argument for diplomacy to use. The language question, on the one hand, brings Roumania into touch with Italy; and Italy, as Roumania is happy to believe, is single-hearted in its sympathies.

The Invitation. In the second place—and here seems a more potent argument—Russia is clearing the way for Roumanian participation in the conflict. The Bukovina, a Duchy and Crown land of Austria, though inhabited largely by a people ambitious to swear allegiance to King Ferdinand of Roumania, is now in the hands of the Russian Army. The Tsar's forces hold open the door apparently to about half-a-million Roumanian soldiers. But invitation to war was never so potent as a challenge; and though all things—the feeling of fellowship with Italy and England, the old animosity towards Austria and Turkey, the chance of enlarged territories, and Russia's invitation—combine to make plain the way, there has been an inevitable hesitation: no crying injustice has spurred the King and his subjects into instant action.

A Question of Season. With Italy, the difficulty of plunging into a winter campaign has been one factor of peace—of peace for the winter. And when Lord Kitchener tells a questioner that he has no notion of how soon the war will end, but knows when it will begin—in May—he tells, by implication, the reason not only for the deadlock between the armies already in the field, but for the hesitation among neutral powers. With the spring there may well be a loosening of the leashes of the dogs of war.

Sunlight and Daggers. Though probably the word

spring means an augmentation of the strength of the Allies, it also brings home to us the tragedy of the thought of an extended field of operations. We picture Roumania as a land of mountain and mystery, of maize-fields full of sunlight, of maidens spinning, of mothers at the cradle. Such is the Roumania made known to us by "Carmen Sylva," Dowager-Queen and another of England's friends. But the folk-songs she has translated for our benefit tell, too, of the fighting spirit of the people. Thus sings the peasant—

The dagger at my belt it dances
Whene'er I dance;
But when I drink the foaming wine-cup
Then it grows sad,
For it is thirsty, too, the dagger:
It thirsts for blood.

And if a declaration of war should come, the King himself will take the field.



THE RULER OF ROUMANIA; HIS WIFE; AND HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER: KING FERDINAND; QUEEN MARIE; AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.

IN THE WARS IN THE WAR: THE KAISER'S SONS.



1. PRINCE JOACHIM (WOUNDED ; AND NOW ON "CURE" AT BADEN BADEN).
3. PRINCE AUGUSTUS WILLIAM (WOUNDED IN THE LEFT ARM ; NOW WITH A COMPOUND FRACTURE OF THE THIGH).

2. PRINCE OSCAR (ILL WITH HEART TROUBLE AND UNDERGOING A REST CURE).
4. PRINCE EITEL FREDERICK (KNEE INJURED BY FALL FROM HORSE.)

A number of the Kaiser's sons engaged in the Great War have actually been in the wars. Reports of injuries to them, or illness, have been published from time to time. On Sept. 10 it was noted that Prince Joachim, the sixth son, had been seriously wounded in the right thigh by a shrapnel-bullet. Now it is said that he has just begun a fortnight's cure at Baden Baden, following an attack of dysentery and feverish influenza. On the 20th of the same month, Prince Augustus William, the fourth son, was stated to be wounded in the left arm ; and on the 29th, it was announced that the fifth son, Prince Oscar, was ill with serious heart-trouble caused by the excitement of war, and

would have to undergo a prolonged rest-cure. On Oct. 27 came the statement that Prince Eitel Frederick, the second son, had been thrown from his horse and had received injuries to one of his knees. On Nov. 21, Prince Augustus William was again in difficulties, suffering from a compound fracture of the thigh as a result of a motor accident. In all, the Kaiser has six sons. Four have thus been accounted for by Fate, or, if you will, by a mild Justice. There remain the Crown Prince, who is a leader in the field, fortunately, we believe, for the cause of the Allies ; and Prince Adalbert, who is in the German Navy.—[Photographs by Bieber.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Marquess of Aberdeen has never been in a music-hall, and the title of Tara had no attraction for him from its association with boom-de-ay. All he wanted to do was to put a finishing touch to his Viceroyalty by paying a pretty little compliment to the land of his love. Then came the protests of the Preston family, quite pertinent in their restricted fashion, and the protests of people who said that only an Irishman should assume so Irish a title.

The Tempest in an Ink-pot. This is not a plea which has the sanction of history. Lord Napier of Magdala did not choose a title in deference to local opinion; Lord Kitchener is by no means a native of Khartoum; and the Douro does not rise in angry floods because its Marquess wandered along its banks. Those who cannot put up with a Scotsman at Tara nevertheless tolerate the title of Londonderry for an English Vane-Tempest—a discrepancy which allows us, perhaps, to entitle the whole of the anti-Tara agitation as a vain tempest in a tea-pot. But, first and last, it is the inexhaustible amiability of Lord Aberdeen that supplies the comedy of an episode that will have its place in the amusing history of compliments that went astray.

The Poet to the Attack. When Sir Weetman Pearson took the title of Cowdray, without even the excuse of being a Sussex man, he knew that the ghosts of an ancient line would feel sore; but he managed to hurt no living susceptibilities. It is a feat not easy of accomplishment for your modern Peer; he is resented in unexpected quarters. Gladstone for instance, flashed an angry eye when a supporter whom he had himself provided with a peerage blundered upon a title—"Heaven knows why!" complained the "G.O.M." to a friend—that had long before been in Mrs. Gladstone's family. And now, among the most indignant protests against Lord Aberdeen's choice of Tara is Mr. William Watson's. Mr. Watson is not an



A NEW AMERICAN PEERESS: THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGFIELD.

The new Lady Huntingfield, whose husband, Captain William Charles Arce'deckne Vanneck, of the 13th Hussars, has succeeded his uncle as fifth Baron Huntingfield, is the only daughter of the late Judge Ernest Crosby, of New York. She was married in 1912, and has a little daughter, Sara Carola, born the following year.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

Irishman. But he is quite indignant. Witness such words as:—"Tara, the Throne of Song, the hallowed shrine—Tagged as a tassel to your marquisate, Made an appurtenance of your house and line!

The Escaped Gold-fish.

Mr. Winston Churchill and the Dukes are reconciled. Five years ago he ridiculed them, but only to deprecate the amusement as "poor sport, almost like teasing gold-fish." They are, he said, "unfortunate individuals, who ought to lead delicate, quiet, sheltered lives, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." The gold-fish, some of them, have since ventured into Mr. Churchill's own North Sea, and the Admiralty and the War Office are equally keen on securing the undivided attention of, for

instance, the Duke of Westminster. And when last week the First Lord spent two "sheltered" hours in the Duke of Manchester's box at the Palace Theatre, was he giving countenance to the untimely indulgences of a pleasure-loving aristocracy or the well-earned relaxation of a member of one of the most patriotic and hard-working classes in the country? One point about the Dukes is that you can abuse them or use them at will, and never apologise. The Duke of Marlborough, in his comings and goings between England and France, is under orders from the War Office; but who can say that he would be equally willing to serve under his flamboyant cousin?

A Matinée of Opportunities.

Christie's will be crowded on Feb. 5 for the sale of the Water-Colour Society's gratuitous drawings. The beautiful Clausens should bring substantial sums to the Red Cross coffers, and the Sargents will prove especially profitable. Many are the stories of Mr. Sargent's closeness with his water-colours, and of unsuccessful ruses by collectors anxious to persuade him to sell. Here at last is an opportunity for them; and the bidding will be rather better than a pantomime for any body fond of the "matinées" provided in King Street.

William with a Vengeance.

The death of Lord Ardilaun would, in normal times, have brought messages of condolence from Berlin, for the Guinnesses, if only by reason of their connection with the family of Lord Amthill, figure in the Kaiser's "Where-is-it?" Only a year or so ago the War Lord expressed a desire to be godfather of the newly born son of Lieutenant-Colonel Russell—the mother being a daughter of Mr. Claude Guinness. What, under the present circumstances, is a British god-child to do? He may well fret over the reason of his "William."

Woodcock for the Cots.

No Scottish gatherings, no Northern meeting, no Boat-Race, and no "Oxford and Cambridge"

at Lord's! The things that go on, in a modified form, are hunting, shooting, and racing. Captain "Freddie" Guest

has, I believe, put in at least one field day with the hounds during his brief returns from the front; and Sir Hercules Langrishe has been entertaining a successful, though rather elderly, shooting-party at Knocktopher Abbey. Lord Mayo, who is not allowed to take aim—and very sure aim it is—at anything but woodcock, and Colonel Wyndham-Quin, whose sons have been his proxies in Flanders, were among the guns. The hospitals, in the meantime, are well provided with game, and wounded soldiers are not the only patients to benefit. The King is careful to keep the Chelsea Hospital for Sick Children on his abnormally long list. Sport and benevolence are almost inseparable.



A MILITARY WEDDING: CAPTAIN BASIL NICHOLAS AND MISS GERALDINE GRAZEBROOK

Captain Basil Nicholas, whose marriage to Miss Grazebrook was arranged to take place on Jan. 26, is in the 12th Lancers, and has been wounded, and mentioned in despatches. The bride is a resident of Thenford, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

Photographs by Keturah Collings.



THE HEIR TO AN EARLDOM: VISCOUNT HELMSLEY.

The little Viscount, of whom we give a charming study, was born in 1906, the Hon. Charles William Slingsby Duncombe. Now, by the accession of his father to the Earldom of Feversham, he has become the Viscount Helmsley.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



A CHARMING RUSSIAN: LADY CHEETHAM.

Lady Cheetham is the wife of Sir Milne Cheetham, C.M.G., who is in the Diplomatic Service, and is Counsellor of Embassy at Cairo. Lady Cheetham is the daughter of M. N. Mouravieff, Russian Ambassador in Rome. She was married in 1907.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

WHERE ARE THE CLOTHES OF YESTER-YEAR?



KHAKI, KHAKI ALL THE TIME: FIGURES NOW FAMILIAR THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN.

There was a time—it seems a very long while ago—when the uniform of British officers was seen in the streets of this country but seldom; now it is everywhere.

The male silhouette, indeed, has changed; and a stranger in London, for example, would hardly know that normally top-hatted or bowlered city.

DRAWN BY C. E. PRTO.



PETWORTH, for once in a way, has more guests than bedrooms. So many soldiers are quartered there at Lord Leconfield's invitation that the house's extraordinary resources have been taxed almost to the full. The officers get the bedrooms; the men, as some would think, are even better off. One hundred and twenty of them are quartered in the palatial picture-gallery, where, as luck has it, the German School is very poorly represented.

Swords by Post. That the swords of officers killed at the front have not always been returned to the proper quarters is but one painful detail in the vast chapter of accidents called war. But it is a detail that counts, and Colonel Jack Leslie did well to make his case public, even though it would

have been more to his taste to remain silent about a matter establishing the bad faith of somebody on the route from the trenches in France and an address in London. Colonel Leslie's admirable letter has evidently made a difference; the result is a tightening up of the parcel service, and in future a sword despatched will be a sword delivered.

A Novice of the Road.

Though the sword is not forthcoming, a "return" of greater importance has come through. Mr. Shane Leslie, a brother of the deceased officer, is home for a time after various and hazardous experiences with the Second French Army. One of these—and in this case a smiling matter—was a first effort with a motor-car. Mr. Leslie found himself in charge of

But Ranji is a soldier; perhaps his mastery of games owes something to the fact that all sport is, in varying degrees, an imitation of fighting. His genius as a shot and for organising a shoot is not far removed from the instinct for battle. Thus, when long ago he served as A.D.C. to the Maharajah of Patiala, it was reported that he performed the duties of transport officer like one born to be a General.

The Naughty Nine,

With the gun the Jam Sahib has few equals. He is said to shoot the fastest rabbits before he gets his gun up, and to bag a brace while most men are wondering if the covey is coming into range. After the subtle business of game-shooting in England he makes light of the difficulties of the tiger-hunt. The one thing that mystified him when, as a boy of fourteen, he first went shooting in this country was the rule of close-times. Going out with a party one September, he could not understand why the other guns left the attractive big birds alone, and he made a point of correcting their error. At dinner the master of the house read aloud the bag of part-ridges, hares, and rabbits. "And nine pheasants," rang out a youthful voice, to the dismay of a host who had thought to shield his Indian guest from the indignation of the assembly.

A Misfortune of Count Zeppelin, 1870.

Count Zeppelin, who nowadays directs operations from the innermost fastnesses of his factories, did once take the chances of the fight. He it was who struck—or rather, nearly received—the first blow in the Franco-German War of 1870. On July 24 of that year, within a few hours of the declaration of war, he and a dozen more rode across the frontier into France. The party was sighted by French cavalry, and had to ride for its life. A French Lancer made a dash for the Count, but only wounded his mount. Zeppelin cut the man down, jumped on his assailant's horse, and escaped.

The Count's Last Fall.

Such are the trifles that make history. If that French lance had gone home there would have been an end to a promising young officer; but a certain old lady of eighty-three would not have been murdered last week in Yarmouth. There would have been no career of extraordinary perseverance and ingenuity, none of the splendid devotion that has characterised the Count's work for his country; but neither would there have been the Zeppelin raids as we know them to-day.



FROM STAGE TO THEATRE OF WAR: LIEUTENANT MONTAGUE ELPHINSTONE.

Second-Lieutenant Elphinstone volunteered for the 12th Lancers, soon won promotion, and is now Second-Lieutenant in the Horse Transport of the Army Service Corps. He will be remembered as an actor in "Old Heidelberg."

Photograph by Keturah Collines.

some badly wounded men, without a chauffeur. He took the wheel, and the thing, to his great comfort, "went by itself." The chief difficulty on the road was the obstinacy of the French private. He never gets out of the tooter's way, but has the saving grace of being perfectly unresentful when bowled over. Mr. Leslie's pace was cautious, and he hurt nobody—in fact, the funny thing was that the overturned Frenchman, as soon as he picked himself up, made a rule of touching his cap to the motorist.

The Return of Ranji.

Last week the King received the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar at Buckingham Palace. Ranji was in khaki and in turban, and looked as little like a cricketer as a man could do. Though he may still be, and probably is, a great batsman, he can certainly no longer perform the old miracles of swiftness in the slips; his swallow-like dips to earth are things of the past.



FATHER OF THE LATE LORD ROBERTS' GRANDSON: MAJOR H. F. E. LEWIN.

Major Lewin, who is the husband of Lady Edwina Lewin, the younger of Lord Roberts' daughters, whose little son, born on Jan. 18, is heir-presumptive to the Earldom, is the son of Commander Lewin, R.N. He belongs to the Royal Artillery, and for two years, 1909 to 1911, was Military Secretary to the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., etc. Major Lewin was married to Lady Edwina Roberts in 1913.



THE PREMIER'S SON IN KHAKI: SECOND-LIEUTENANT HERBERT ASQUITH.

Second-Lieutenant Herbert Asquith, who has got his commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Marines, is a son of the Prime Minister, and married, in 1910, Lady Cynthia Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



A SOLDIER-SPORTSMAN ON SHORT LEAVE: LORD TITCHFIELD FOLLOWS THE HOUNDS.

The Marquess of Titchfield, eldest son of the Duke of Portland, is serving the country at the front, and, being home for a few days' holiday, is seen, like the keen sportsman he is, enjoying a day with the Quorn, and a chat with Captain Sir Archibald White, of the Notts Royal Horse Artillery.—[Photograph by Howard Barrett.]

WAR WEDDINGS: MILITARY ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MOMENT.



MISS NORLINE SKEET: TO MARRY
LIEUT. N. C. MACNAMARA, A.S.C.



MISS DORA BRISTOW: TO MARRY
CAPTAIN HUGH R. LONGBOURNE



MISS KATHLEEN SMITH: TO MARRY
LIEUT. ROBERT HEMPHILL, R.A.M.C.



MISS DILYS ROBERTS: TO MARRY
CAPTAIN RICHARD LLOYD GEORGE.



CAPTAIN RICHARD LLOYD GEORGE:
TO MARRY MISS DILYS ROBERTS.



MISS KATHLEEN PEARL BIRCH: TO
MARRY LT.-COM. GERALD C. DICKENS.



MISS CHRISTINE SEGAR: TO MARRY
CAPTAIN H. F. WAILES.



MISS URSULA MAY SHEPPARD: MARRY-
ING 2ND LIEUT. MALCOLM GILLESPIE.



MISS DOROTHEA SPAIGHT: TO MARRY
CAPTAIN V. A. JACKSON.

Miss Skeet resides at Ravenscourt Park, and Lieutenant N. C. Macnamara is in the Army Service Corps, 8th Ammunition Park, British Expeditionary Force.—Miss Bristow is the daughter of the late W. L. Bristow and Mrs. Bristow, of Baron's Court Road, S.W. Captain Longbourne, of the Huntingdonshire Cycling Battalion, is the son of the late C. R. V. Longbourne, of Ripsley, Liphook, Hants.—Miss Kathleen Smith is the daughter of the late Augustus H. Smith and Mrs. Smith, The Ridge, Bitterne, Hants. Lieutenant Hemphill is the son of Canon Hemphill, of Dublin.—Miss Dilys L. Roberts, only daughter of Sir John Roberts, Clerk to the Carnarvonshire County Council, is engaged to Captain Richard Lloyd George, of the Welsh Fusiliers, elder son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Captain George is on the staff of

Brigadier-General Owen Thomas, in command of the 1st Brigade of the Welsh Army.—Miss Kathleen Birch is the youngest daughter of Colonel W. A. T. Birch, and Mrs. Birch, of Orchard House Farnham, Surrey. Mr. Dickens, of H.M.S. "Harpy," is the second son of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C.—Miss Segar is the daughter of the Rev. Halsall and Mrs. Segar, Easingwold Vicarage, Yorkshire. Captain Wailes, is in the East Yorks Regiment.—Miss Ursula M. Sheppard, whose marriage was fixed for Jan. 23, is the youngest daughter of the late W. T. Sheppard, M.D., of Liverpool, and Mrs. Sheppard. Second-Lieutenant Gillespie is in the Royal Engineers.—Miss Dorothea Spaight, who is marrying Captain Jackson, York and Lancaster Regiment, is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Gartside Spaight, of Derry Castle, Killaloe.

Photographs 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, by Swaine; No. 4, by Vandyk; No. 5, by Central Press.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE SAP.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

WITH the first insane upspouting of firing the Lieutenant was hit. Out of the darkness so thick and turgid that one could push against it there spat the first "cra-ack-crack" of the small bore that was to be the Captain's signal. Then they all went mad in a bunch, and romped in to slaughter.

The privates were heaving their meat-tin grenades, and shouting like dervishes to put the fear of several worlds into the chilly enemy crouching in the ice-filmed slush in the bottom of the trench. The Captain had, no doubt, potted in his rifle-grenade with the first shot, and the sergeants and the marksmen did the same. The Lieutenant remembered noticing that two small balls of fire jumped from the air and danced after the fashion of the will-o'-the-wisp over the hopper of the nearest mitrailleuse, and in that flash of vision and in the light of the explosion he saw the gun kick drunkenly, plunge its snub-nose downward and its breech go up—splintered and raw like a broken stump of cigarette. He saw a man go back from the flame, with one knee up as though hurdle-clearing in a 'Varsity race. Then the "V" of his own rifle came into the notch of the back-sight; he felt the rifle leap in his hands like a live thing, and a little dribble of fire licked backward along the barrel. There seemed to be a big explosion after that (there should have been, and from the belts in the ammunition-box too), but he never really knew. The shell of a thousand-ton gun hit him just above the hip-bone of the right side; he was whirled for a year through space, and came nose down into liquid mud, that immediately rushed as far as it could up his nostrils and down over his collar-bones on to his chest. He turned a little, and found the air lit with a thousand knives of flame from rifles, and mad with a vortex of shouting. Also a great pain began expanding and beating from the sore place above his hip.

"Wonder," he muttered, thinking of his hip, "wonder whether a feller can die from a wound there?"

There was a frantic slash of firing. High above his head there was a run of dull, eructating sounds, and in a vile and pallid blaze a flight of star-shells turned the land about him into a ghastly travesty of daylight. The Lieutenant lifted himself on his elbow, and saw that his tremendous whirl through space must have carried him completely round the world. He had fallen right on the top of the trench parapet. Below him was the wrecked mitrailleuse, collapsed, and looking like a dead spider amid its sprawling and shattered tripod-legs. Beside it was a scoriated box with an awful spawn of burnt and exploded things inside its splintered sides. It was still giving off a reek of vapour.

"Good!" muttered the Lieutenant. "Guess I got that old box all right."

The firing screamed and whirled again. There was an outpouring of yells; the Lieutenant heard the wet-stamping of legions close to his head. He called out. A man above him sloshed mud over his neck as he pulled up to fire. Then a floundering shin caught the Lieutenant full in the mouth; he twisted and fell, rolling down the counterscarp into six inches of freezing mud and water that made a carpet for the bottom of the ditch.

The shock of the fall and the contact with the icy mixture stung him fully alive. He came to his feet in spite of the knife-edge of pain that thrust inward from the hurt in his side. He realised vividly why he was there, what he was to do. He remembered that he was one of thirty-odd men raiding this trench of the enemy through the black curtain of the night. He recalled their orders. They were to destroy everything in the trench—to make a thorough

and a beastly mess of it. It had been for days a galling and dangerous outcrop of the enemy's extreme advance. They were here to extract its gall—to make the enemy think twice before they would use it again. He had to do all these things, he remembered vehemently. He had better get busy.

He lugged free his revolver—it was in the days of war when officers had already realised the cumbering futility of swords—and, with body kinked forward, he jumped along the trench to kill. The wound in his side nearly made him swoon, but he bit into his nether lip and went forward. Somewhere before him he saw a ganglion of figures, all arms and legs and pumping bayonets. He picked individualities out of this and flicked his revolver twice. A soldier came sprawling out of the fight, plunged earthward, hands and fingers spread downward in an appealing gesture, as though he supplicated the earth that was about to receive him. At the same time, a spurt of cordite flame stung the Lieutenant's face with a bite like acid, and he heard the crash of a rifle-shot in his ear. He was awake and quick now if never. Beside him was a giant who had materialised from nothing but the night. He had fired that shot. Fortunately his cut-off was in, so he could not fire again. He was trying to stab, awkwardly, from where his rifle had rested on his shoulder when the Lieutenant's bullet struck him in the face. He came down with an awful slump, turned in the slime until he looked a worm in batter, fell against the officer's knees, and clutched at them. It was a thing of a flash. In a flash again the Lieutenant was down.

The man clung tight, and the Lieutenant's wound hurt and clogged action with filaments of pain. It was like shaking off a nightmare of years to get clear. Slowly the Lieutenant forced his way up; he was on his knees, with the fight spinning and shouting round him in cyclonic fashion. Men wrestled by him and buffeted him. Men in half-dozens might have killed him, but they were too busy. Above his head a crash of firing followed other crashes. Somewhere above him the air burst, and he heard a plopping shower of shrapnel strike the soft earth. He knew that the enemy's gunners, who were not prone to niceties, were spraying the trench—willing to exterminate their foe even if they slew their own fellows. Something smacked ferociously in the mud near by, and blew up with a vast and theatrical bang. The Lieutenant realised that, now the howitzers had opened, the raid had accomplished its end—that he and the other fellows must get away now. He was almost up by then.

Then as he came swaying to his feet there came a rush of men. They seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth about five yards away. They came up as Demon Kings in pantomime arise from trap-doors. And the hole from which they came led towards the Lieutenant's camp.

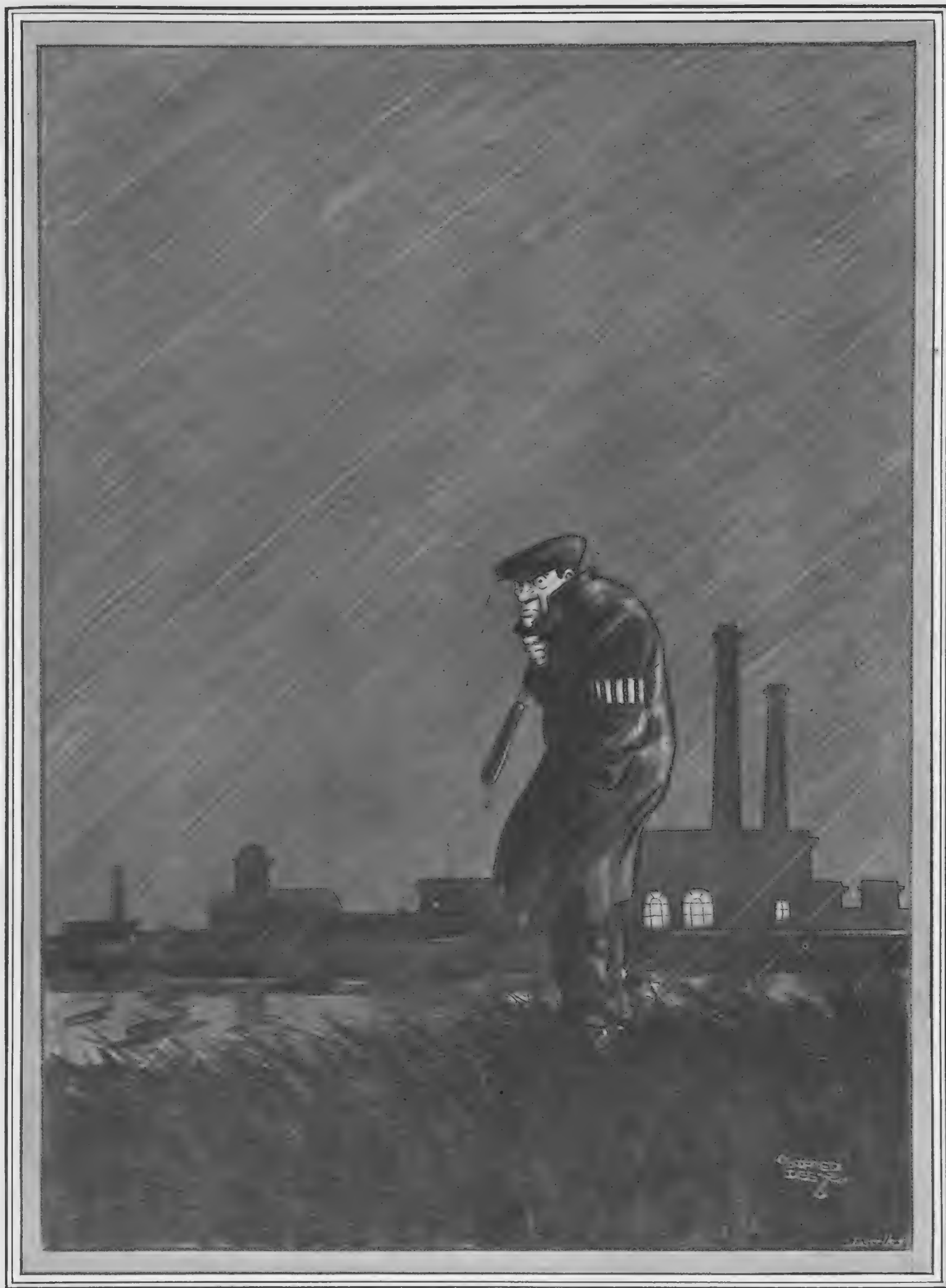
"Lordy," he cried, "a sap!" He forgot he had lost his revolver, and plucked at the empty case wildly. In any case he would have had no time to use it. The first Sapper hit him on the bound. He came into the Lieutenant all elbows and knees and bones, and the Lieutenant went down flat. Then the fool stamped on his head in his flight, hung, squirmed a little as a bullet hit him, and came down with the weight of a mountain on to the officer.

That was where the Lieutenant lost all conscious interest in events.

The rain-water, and the mud in it, got into his mouth and brought him to himself. He woke slowly, and then became

[Continued overleaf.]

ON A D — P NIGHT.



THE SPECIAL (*on a particularly bad night*): Talk about your heroes in the flooded trenches, Heaven help the first alien enemy I come across!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

exceedingly wide awake. The man lying across his stomach was oppressively heavy. He started to shift the beggar off, but stopped intuitively and at once. He did not remember everything, but he remembered enough to know he was in an enemy's trench, and that it might not be good for a man to show himself alive under the circumstances. He remained still, trying to learn by his ears what was going on about him in the blanket of darkness.

He could hear all about him the rain coming to the earth in a sharp, clear hiss, and for a moment this sound filled the universe. His will overcame the noise, and his mind strove to disentangle other sounds from the night. The trench itself was saturated in silence, and for a time that overbore him. Somewhere a thousand miles to the left he heard the babble of rifle-fire, and that only served to accent the silence of this trench, to make it painful. It also served to remind him of what had gone before. He remembered the raid, and at once he connected the quiet about him with the raid. The raid, then, had been successful—that was the reason of the silence: the enemy had been driven out of the trench, and so vigorously that they were still fearful of returning to it. He admitted this, then, fearfully; listened with greater intentness, in case his reasoning had lied. Not a shuffle, a cough, or a snore arose about him. He was alone with the dead in an empty trench. He began to speculate if he would escape, and how he could escape. In the middle of his speculation he came to realise that a curious throbbing noise that he had fancied inside his head was outside his head, and that it was the sound of men talking.

He was not startled. He had fought too long in trenches not to appreciate how the sound of men's voices leapt out across distances, stood out against battle noises. He heard and recognised these voices and their probable situation quite plainly. By the curious chopping nasal of the talk, he knew that the voices were those of the enemy; by the carry of the sound he guessed the men were in the second parallel, the one behind and further away from his own side. He guessed that the enemy were holding this trench in alert force, wondering whether another attack would be launched at them—wondering, perhaps, whether they might come back to the evacuated trench in front of them.

The Lieutenant concentrated his wits and the small knowledge of the enemy's tongue he possessed to overhear what they had to say. He heard very little. Something about "explosives," something about "trenches"—apparently of his own men—and then presently, and very definitely, the fierce order of an officer to "Get ready."

"That means they're comin' along. Vamoose for me."

He tried to lift the dead man off, but the wound in his side cut into him savagely, so that, in spite of his frozen state, he sweated. He tried another trick, wriggling round painfully, and worming in the sludge from under the body. This was easier; when he was partly free, the dead man heaved and rolled clear of him altogether. The Lieutenant came on to his hands and knees, the slush washing about his fingers in bitter fashion, and looked about, gauging his chances of escape.

Away in the parallel he heard a sharp voice ordering sharply, and after it the scrape of boots on sodden banks.

"Comin' out," he muttered. "Comin' out. Rotten for me."

His eyes had become accustomed to the blackness, and he could see enough to make him sorry for himself. Above him heaved the ridge of the counterscarp and the parapet, in a line that defied the climbing powers of a wounded man. He knew it was hopeless. He was wondering whether they would bayonet him before they heard him surrender—or even after—when a memory came into his head. It was the memory of a single word. The word was "sap." He was recalling that just before he had been knocked out he had said, "A sap." A bunch of men had rushed out from it.

In a couple of minutes he was in the sap.

It was painful to walk, but he managed it. The sap was a good one, well made; he could travel easily along it—bent well down, of course. He travelled slowly, feeling his way by the fascines that propped the side, fumbling deliberately because he feared to butt into the sap-end at any moment. But nothing stopped him. When he had worked round two corners he stopped, a little angry, a little afraid.

"Heavens!" he growled. "Infernal long sap this. They've managed to get along a dangerous way. Must be half across to us."

He put his hand in his pocket, not for matches—matches did not live through this sodden campaigning—but for an electric-torch. He pulled it out gingerly, hoping against hope that it was undamaged, and immediately a bitter shaft of light proved that it was. He got the ray well in front of him, so that his body blocked whatever might escape, and examined the place.

It was well excavated, surely enough. This part, even, had been excavated some time. Though the earth still dripped with the inevitable ooze of the season, it looked firmly packed between

the planks; the fascines, though sweating, were firmly embedded, and that meant the push of the earth had been some time on them. Also, as he swung his light ahead, the black yawn of the tunnel had not ended. It went on—on beyond the half-distance.

Using his light, he moved more swiftly, learnt more. The sap went on, round corners again, for many yards, and the Lieutenant followed it. He counted his paces this time, so that when the sap ended in a wall of earth he knew roughly where he was. In any case, there were things to prove him right. At the end of the sap the walls had been extended a little to form a tiny chamber. In the middle of this chamber was a stake driven into the floor. By the stake was an acetylene-lamp, still burning, and the trenching tools scattered round just as the panic-stricken sappers had left them. Close to the stake were two cases of explosive. Dangling from the wall of the sap was a bunch of wires, rubber-coated wires. Seeing them, the Lieutenant could trace along the line of fascines the wood frame of the electric cables that he had overlooked before.

These things told the Lieutenant where he was. He was under the trenches of his own men—probably under a small field-redan that strengthened the line here. The things told him more than that. The enemy must have been beginning to lay their mine as the Lieutenant's men raided the trench. The men in the sap had been warned, and they had fled helter-skelter, leaving the first two cases of explosive behind them.

They had fled then. Now—

The Lieutenant remembered the words he had heard and recognised. "Explosives" was one of them, something about his own trenches were others. He now understood the meaning of those words. The enemy had hoped their sap had been overlooked in the raid. They were coming back to see if it were so. And they were bringing explosives, all the explosives necessary. They would thus retaliate on the men who had attacked them.

The Lieutenant frowned, but he did not seem upset. He swung the acetylene-lamp round as though balancing all the essentials, and then he said quietly, as one passing a final judgment—

"It's right up to me, my man."

The explosive was dynamite. He had nothing to fire it—not even a revolver to shoot into it, trusting to happy chance. It was as useless to him as lumps of cheese would be useless. He might have taken it along the sap otherwise, and ruined the passage with a local explosion. He could not do that. He must depend on his mother wit.

He had plenty of that. He could decide quickly. He picked up a double-headed trenching tool, and, with the lamp, walked back along the passage of the sap. His wound hurt him vilely. But the only trouble it caused him was the thought that it might have left him too weak to do his job. As he walked he examined the wall and the roof of the sap.

Soon he found his place. Here the earth was very wet, and he could see by the way the roof was planked and the fascines strutted that the sappers had found it difficult to hold. He examined it carefully, and then set to work. He worked carefully, because he wanted the thing to be a complete success and not a futile affair of dribbles. He chose several of the props, and slowly dug them out or prized them away. The earth started a little as each of the fascines was removed. It fell in tiny, oozy cascades on to his neck and face, and once a plank and a small landslide plumped down on to his back. But he did well. He had the just props removed. He would have a good, a decisive "fall."

When he had as much as he knew to be necessary, he stood by the last, the decisive, prop for a moment, trying to tell himself that this was an enormous thing he was facing, but utterly failing to make his mind perceive the terror and the moment of it. He felt that his mind would have been more excited if he had been digging out a badger. He gave up the task of facing enormous issues, put the strong blunt tool behind the fascine so that with one great leverage of his body he could tug the prop out. He had placed it satisfactorily when he heard voices.

He hung there, listening to the voices, and then he smiled. He picked up the lamp from the floor, tore the indiarubber connecting-tube away, and plunged the passage in darkness. Then, still smiling, he grasped the trenching tool with both hands, and inclined his body, so that at a moment he could fall back.

The voices came along the passage, booming and echoing eerily. The Lieutenant smiled as he heard them, and wondered why the men did not carry a light until he remembered both the scarcity of lamps in trenches and the fact that the men must know their way along this sap blindfolded. And, anyhow, the absence of light helped him. He braced his feet and got ready.

The men, walking close, ran into him in a bunch. The man to touch him howled.

"What is that?" he yelled frantically.

"It is death," said the Lieutenant quite quietly, and he smiled again, and pushed backward.

The earth made no sound as it fell in—or, at least, none that the men in the sap ever heard.

THE END.

CERTAINLY NOT !



TURKEY, THE OFFICE-BOY (to his Master) : Please, Sir, can I have a day off ?

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAVE.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Gone for a Soldier."

Looking round in the most casual way among our relations, friends, and acquaintances, it is difficult to discover any able-bodied young man who has not "gone for a soldier." It is, indeed, the obvious, the only—as the French would say—*chic* thing to do. To be out of khaki is to be "out of the movement," no matter if the youth can only be an irresponsible private. They usually, to be sure, emerge from that chrysalis stage into that of a full-blown commissioned officer in an incredibly short space of time, thanks to the public-school habit of knowing how to accept responsibility and acting on their own judgment. I do not think any other country in the world could apply this "intensive culture" to the making of army officers with such success as we have seen. But the War Office had the material to work with. This martial enthusiasm, however, is not to be found in remote country places, and is conspicuously absent among the Cumberland dales. Why the Border should be so much less patriotic than country just beyond the Tweed I do not know. A young soldier squire who went up recently, fresh from the trenches in Flanders, to dig out his young tenants in the farms and the fields found an amazing apathy as well as an incredible ignorance about the war. They did not know what we were fighting for, why we were fighting, nor with whom. One bright specimen of agricultural life asked if the Prussians and the Germans were fighting each other. It will be seen there is here a fine field for Parliamentary recruiters and others with a persuasive tongue. In isolated villages such as these the tradition still lingers that to "go for a soldier" means social deterioration, and wearing a military uniform brings disgrace on the family. We are a queer people.

Frumpy Fräuleins. The edict has gone forth—and it probably emanates from the ubiquitous All-Highest—that *fraus* and *fräuleins* of the Fatherland must nevermore appear in Parisian hats, but encourage their own industries by wearing only head-gear of specially Teutonic design and manufacture. Now I am far from denying that there exist small sets in Berlin, as in every great capital, who are turned out to perfection, and can challenge comparison with those ineffable beings, the Ultra-Well-Dressed, in any part of the world. But the average German woman, young or old, is certainly not elegant as even the smart suburban Englishwoman understands elegance. She is apt to possess red wrists and unkempt hands, to wear dreadful boots, to run to necks which are too low, and hats which are too large or too small. She lacks finish even more than the Englishwoman does, though not so much as the Swede or the Norwegian. And although the German never tries "home dress-making," but goes to an expert for her frocks, she usually fails in the topmost part of her person owing to her strange taste in hats. We have only to call to mind the German tourists

we meet on our travels—usually arrayed in short tartan skirts and small Tyrolese hats, green in colour, and eked out with a perky feather—to realise the failure of the female Teuton to achieve a pleasing appearance. Now that they are condemned to hats of home manufacture, and may no more import attractive finery from the Rue de la Paix, they are indeed in a hard plight.

The Hard Case of the Civilian Mother.

Soldiers' women-folk have a magnificent and stoic heroism all their own. Our naval and military hierarchy form, indeed, or did form, a class apart; and the daughters, wives, and mothers of officers in the two Services have a special code in time of warfare. They talk incessantly about the war, but they never grumble and they never pine. Relatives fall, wounded come home, the youngest and dearest go to the front: your woman of the fighting caste—our Samurai—never questions the justice or the necessity of all these hideous happenings which desolate her home. But with the "civilian" wife or mother, calamities cannot be borne with the same high courage and stoicism. Here is no tradition, no code of ethics, no military *noblesse oblige*. One's heart goes out to that enormous class of unwarlike folk who are now contributing so many they idolise to the great conflict.

The Terrifying 'Bus-Conductor.

It is splendid news that no fewer than 4000 British 'bus-conductors are now serving, or about to serve, with the colours. To any German who knows our capital the news must spread dismay in the stoutest heart. A British 'bus-conductor in jocund peace is a truly terrifying phenomenon; what he must be like in war baffles imagination. He would only have to stand up in the trenches and shout "Farespleeze" in that endearing way that he has to cause a panic among the enemy. His withering scorn, his icy indifference, his extraordinary ignorance of where he is going, will all help to swell the coming victories. He has served in the school of vituperation, and employs methods calculated to quell the slightest protest. No other public servant is allowed to behave towards the public in the truculent manner adopted by these ticket-punchers. A railway guard or porter is always civil—thanks to the system of insignificant tips; while our London policemen are princes of courtesy, and the joy and envy of all foreigners—and this without any hope of favour or reward. Therefore must the benign constable and the delightful railway man be kept at home at all hazards; while the 'bus-conductor should

be steadily encouraged to go where a career for his special talents awaits him. Hefty girls might take their places, working in convenient relays, and the public might be treated with the sweet reasonableness, not to say friendliness, that obtained in the age of the old, despised, horse-drawn omnibus.



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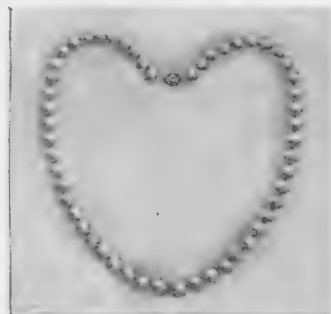
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house work and hospitals

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Back to Business. Now that the holidays are over and sales drawing to an end, people are settling down again to do their bits. Even men are knitting away. So far I have not come across a man who pulled out his knitting from his dress-coat tail-pocket and did a bit between courses at dinner, although I know many women who do some. The other day at a matinée a man knitted industriously in the interval, and did it as quickly and easily as any woman. Old Navy men are fine knitters. I was talking to a retired Admiral the other day, and he said he had beaten his womenkind hollow in the number of comforters he had made. "They knit even on," was his explanation; "when I'm indignant I knit like —; so they read the German version of the fighting, and what they say in Germany about our Navy, and that speeds me up all right."



THE "FAIRY RABBIT": MISS BETTY PINCHARD IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE.

A month ago Miss Betty Pinchard scored a telling hit as Hedwig in Ibsen's "Wild Duck." The very promising and versatile young lady is still further displaying her charm and talent at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. She is the Fairy Rabbit in "Cinderella," the dainty children's fairy-tale told by Miss Daisy Fisher, and produced by Mr. Bertie Mason, formerly stage-manager at the Palace, and is making the part a specially popular feature in the Repertory show.

Photograph by Whillock.

garment; the skirt is full, the fur beautifully worked, and the separate tie very smart. The big pearl buttons fasten with button-holes, and the coat looks worth more than twice the money. In the show-rooms on the first floor at 145, Cheapside, where also is the Company's warehouse, there are many examples of sets of genuine furs at most reasonable prices—squirrel, mountain bear, wolf, at £2; silver-wolf from 4 guineas; and black wolf sets from 2 guineas. Alterations and repairs in furs are a specialty of the wholesale Fur Company.

The Harp That Once In Tara's halls declines to be transported to Aberdeen without protest. Tara is a sacred possession in Ireland. There would be no objection to Taradiddle, or Tara-boom-de-ay, or Tarara, as a secondary title to the new Marquise; but Tara, like the shamrock, declines transportation to cold Scotia!

The Latest Italian Princess. The Queen of Italy's little new daughter has been called Maria, which is quite a pretty name pronounced in the Italian way—in our way I have never admired it. A second son would, perhaps, have been more welcome, but the little lady's advent has given nothing but joy. She is the fourth daughter of the Royal House. The first, Princess Yolanda, is in her fifteenth year; Princess Mafalda, a year and some months younger; while Princess Giovanna will be eight in November. Prince Umberto, whose title is Prince of Piedmont, will be eleven in September. The Queen is very handsome, and is

A Thoughtful Queen. Queen Alexandra thinks of many things; among them she thought of women journalists, and that there must be many of them who had suffered through the war. Consequently her Majesty sent £25 to Miss M. F. Billington, President of the Society of Women Journalists, to be used for alleviating any distress that was urgent. At the beginning of the war the Society started a War Emergency Fund, which has done good work, and is continuing to do it. Queen Alexandra's generosity will render it yet more efficient, and it will be welcomed by every woman journalist as an evidence of the Queen's thought for them. When misfortune comes assuredly it is far harder for educated people with appearances to keep up than for those who have only food and warmth to think of.

The Weather for Furs. A luxury a little while ago, furs are a necessity now. It is therefore a good thing that the last week of the sale of the Wholesale Fur Company, 145, Cheapside, is on, and that still further reductions are made in their handsome and reliable furs. The mole-coney coat in the drawing on "Woman's Ways" page for 9½ guineas is a very stylish

a fine rider, shot, motorist, and is much interested in excavation—a work in which she has had some splendid finds. Her father, King Nicholas of Montenegro, is one of our Allies, and is busy bombarding an Austrian naval base with three batteries. One was presented to him by the King of Italy; another—oh, the irony of fate!—by the Emperor of Austria; and the third was made to his own order. Already these batteries, mounted on heights above the town, are said to have destroyed some of the forts.

An Indian Princess' Editress. The Maharani of Bhaunagur fears that only educated Indian men know the whole of the whys and wherefores of this devastating war. Being a clever, capable, and progressive Princess, who can and does drive her own motor-car, she has set out to remedy this injury. She produces at her own expense and edits a weekly journal of the war in Gujarati, and distributes it free far and wide not only in her husband's territory, but among the Gujarati public. Her Highness thinks it will help the people to realise their duties and the responsibilities they should undertake—especially the Rajputs, or warrior section of the population. It is a well-got-up little journal, with the Royal Arms on the cover. About the make-up and the articles I am unable to offer any opinion.

The Sunny South in War Time. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway Company having arranged a regular service of quick trains to Monte Carlo, with sleeping and restaurant facilities, there are more numerous visitors. The weather is fine and seasonable, and the opening of the Casino on New Year's Day, to supplement the patronage accorded to the National Sporting Club, marked a white-stone date for those who eagerly awaited the event. Surgeon-General Sir Arthur Sloggett recently inspected the Prince of Monaco's Convalescent Home for sick and wounded officers of British nationality, and several patients have arrived there. Everyone enjoying the Sunny South says, "How delightful there are no Germans here!"

Those who like their Kipling in a handy, portable form could wish for nothing better than the new "Service" edition in half-crown volumes which Messrs. Macmillan have opportunely produced. The little books are neatly bound in blue and excellently printed. They will go easily into a masculine pocket, and should be very popular not only in the Services, for which the name of the edition indicates them to be specially adapted, but also with the general reading public. The latest volumes added are "Life's Handicap" and "The Light that Failed," in two volumes each.

We have also received "Wee Willie Winkie" (two volumes), "Soldiers Three" (two volumes), and "From Sea to Sea" (four volumes). While Messrs. Macmillan are publishing the prose works, Messrs. Methuen are issuing the poems in a similar format, and have already produced "Barrack-Room Ballads," in two volumes.



TAKING HER PART IN THE WAR, BY SINGING FOR DISTRESSED ARTISTES: MME. KIRKBY LUNN—A NEW PORTRAIT.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn, the famous prima-donna of Covent Garden opera, with characteristic kindness, is filling a rôle of her own as a helper on behalf of sufferers by the war. She is giving recitals in aid of Distressed Artistes, at Mrs. Paris Singer's house in Sloane Street.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

A New Home Treatment for Removing Superfluous Hair Permanently.

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A FOUR-WHEEL OR TWO-WHEEL DRIVE?: THE DITCH DIFFICULTY: THE ARGYLL.

The Four-Wheel Drive.

Before very long there will be an incursion from America of a considerable number of motor vehicles on which the drive is taken through all four wheels instead of only the rearward pair. Let it be said at once that the machines in question are motor-lorries, not touring-cars. Some have been ordered by the Admiralty, with a view to equipment as armoured cars, and possibly others may go to swell the ranks of the motor-lorries which are being so largely used at the front; but the majority of them will doubtless be applied to commercial purposes, for the home supply of "heavies" is far below the requirements of business houses, owing to the fact that the manufacturers are working night and day to cope with War Office demands. Naturally, one wonders whether a revival of the four-wheel drive will have any practical effect upon the ordinary cars. The idea, of course, is very far from new, as regards date, for a Spyker with transmission to all four wheels was shown at the Crystal Palace quite a long time ago. The fact that the system never caught on is not of itself a criterion of its merits or demerits. When a revolutionary idea is introduced by a single firm, other makers are generally inclined only to take it up if the public itself becomes enamoured of the novelty and makes a rush for the one particular make of car, so forcing the hands of other makers to produce something similar. As a rule, however, it is the public itself which is slow to conversion, and a new principle only comes into widespread use when manufacturers consider it worth their own while to copy a particular design; here, of course, the question of patent and royalties affects the issue. For the sake of argument, let us suppose that the Knight sleeve-valve engine is better than the conventional poppet type; that fact, however, if conceded, would not prevent many firms from continuing on the old lines rather than pay a royalty for every engine they produced.

The Ditch Problem.

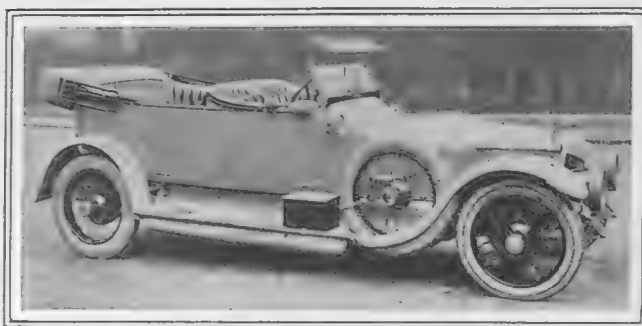
As regards the present issue, it may be taken for granted that the adoption of the American lorries above mentioned, while mainly dictated by questions of supply and demand, is also influenced by the difficulties which have been experienced by the A.S.C. Mechanical Transport Section in the matter of extricating motor-lorries when one wheel has got into a ditch. The engine

power, under these conditions, is simply transmitted through the differential, and one driving-wheel spins round aimlessly, with the result that the vehicle is *hors de combat* until something can be brought along to haul it out. With a four-wheel drive, the front wheels, presuming that they were both on the road, would be able to relieve the situation. The only departure, I believe, from conventional practice in this country is the Austin system of twin-drive. In this case the differential is placed immediately behind the change-speed gear-box, through which two propeller-shafts proceed diagonally and independently to each rear wheel. In this way, if one wheel is in a ditch, the other is still able to receive power through its own shaft.

An Ironical Situation.

Mention of the sleeve-valve engine, by the way, recalls the fact that the Argyll works at Alexandria have passed into the hands of Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth and Co. For the present the stock of the unsold Argyll cars and spare parts will be allowed to remain, but the question naturally arises whether the Argyll as such will eventually disappear altogether from the market, or whether an arrangement will be made for its manufacture elsewhere. It is truly an extraordinary thing, and one more illustration of the fact that business methods rather

than sheer merit may affect the fortunes of any given firm, that the Argyll concern is now apparently threatened with extinction at the very moment when it has produced the best type of vehicle which it has ever manufactured. The single sleeve-valve motor—which, it may be remembered, was the subject of litigation between the Argyll Company and Mr. C. Y. Knight, the inventor of the original motor with double sliding sleeves—has from all accounts proved itself to be remarkably efficient. Only this week, in fact, I have been talking with one of the most experienced engineers in the trade, who has been over in France with a convoy of motor ambulances. I questioned him as to the composition of the team, and he gave the names of several cars, adding that the best of the lot was undoubtedly the Argyll, of which he spoke in terms of disinterested but absolute enthusiasm. It would indeed be the irony of fate if a product of so much inherent excellence were to be discarded merely from financial considerations.



IDENTIFIED, BY ITS OWNER, IN AN "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" DRAWING AND SINCE RECOVERED FROM THE GERMANS: MRS. HARRY HILL'S MOTOR-CAR.

Soon after the "Illustrated London News" published its drawing of the saving of Louvain's famous Town Hall—that is to say, in its Issue of Sept. 12 last—Mrs. Harry Hill, of North Brow, Elsworth Road, N.W., called at the office of that paper and stated that she had identified the motor-car on the left-hand side of the drawing in question as one commandeered [Continued below.]



THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" DRAWING IN WHICH IS SEEN THE MOTOR-CAR WHICH MRS. HARRY HILL IDENTIFIED AS THE ONE THE GERMANS COMMANDEERED FROM HER: "THE SPARED HOTEL DE VILLE SURROUNDED BY GERMAN BAGGAGE-WAGONS, AS THOUGH FOR PROTECTION: IN DEVASTATED LOUVAIN."

[Continued.] from her by the Germans. Within the last few days the "Illustrated London News" has heard from Mrs. Hill, who states that the car has been regained for her. She received this news in a telegram which said: "Just received wire. Car has been rescued and military and civil permits obtained. Chauffeur secured. Bring along when overhauled. Send further instructions."

From the Drawing by S. Begg.



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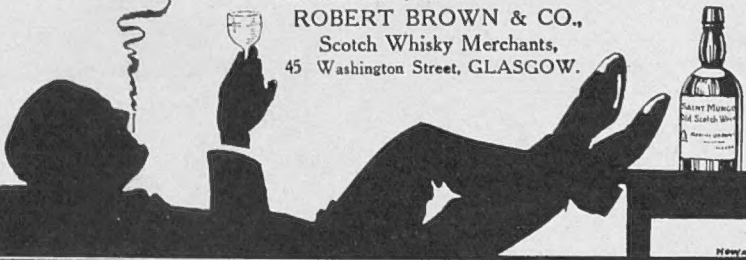
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT is rather hard upon the dramatic critics to invite them to investigate the conduct of characters, modern characters who take taxi-cabs, and are all Kings, Queens, Emperors, "and sich." No doubt Mr. Besier, the author of "Kings and Queens," knows all about the manners and customs of such exalted persons; but how are we to guess whether he portrays them correctly: even a study of the "Almanach de Gotha" and the *Family Herald* might lead us wrong. According to Mr. Besier, they do not differ a bit from the humblest classes of stage figures, and yet I fancy that royalty resemble their humbler subjects with a difference. However, at a time when there is a deluge of revivals, one naturally welcomes an original work, even if it be no more than a variation on an old tune. How well we know that good young man, who loves his wife and bores her to tears by the sanctified dulness of home; and his stiff, saintly mother; and the frivolous little woman herself; and the naughty cousin who leads her very nearly astray, although she loves hubby; and the reconciliation in the last act of the temporarily estranged turtle-doves. Even the gay old Emperor whose little heart affairs are the joy of journalists, who philosophises, who gives good advice and acts badly, who is merry but can be severe at the right moment, who at heart is on the side of the angels but is ready to flirt with any pretty little devil—he, too, is an old friend, best exhibited in the comedies of the younger Dumas. But it was all told again brightly and cleverly, and the players have fat parts, so the audience at the St. James's enjoyed itself. It revelled in Sir George Alexander as the gay, elderly Emperor who winked the other eye at the *mannequins* joyously, yet delivered his sober speeches admirably; also, we all were delighted by the charming performance of Miss Marie Löhr as the Charlotte who refused to go on "cutting bread-and-butter." Mr. Arthur Wontner gave a very able piece of acting as the good young King; his exhibition of intense, restrained emotion was extremely fine. Mr. Ben Webster played the gay young Prince quite cleverly; Miss Frances Ivor was well chosen for the part of the oppressive mother-in-law.

"The Dynasts," the bravest enterprise of the season, has celebrated its fiftieth performance, a fact which certainly shows that we are not all out for mere frivolity, and there are patrons for serious, big drama, even if very strange in form: the clever mixture of the gay and grave, of amusing rustic scenes and mighty adventures in war, is immensely moving at times. A stone image would almost thrill when Mr. Henry Ainley, Miss Esmé Beringer, and Miss Carrie Haase are telling the deathless story of Albueria, or when the great account of the Battle of Waterloo is being given. 1815, 1915—there you have one of the secrets of the play. Once again Europe is fighting militarism, and we listen to the episodes concerning Nelson and Moore and Wellington, translating them into the deeds and struggles of to-day, and thank goodness there is no vulgar clap-trap in the affair, no cheap melodrama, but a moving story told by a man of incontestable genius.

The production for some *matinée* performances of Emile Verhaeren's tragedy, "Le Cloître," is a matter of considerable importance, since the Belgian writer is justly esteemed among the foremost literary men of Europe, and this play is regarded as one of his masterpieces. But it is not every man's meat. When Shakespeare in "Macbeth" gave to the world a great study of remorse, he enshrined it in a powerful, even melodramatic, story.

Verhaeren's study has for background a picture of narrow passions in a monastery which does not appeal to all of us—indeed, one is inclined to smile during serious scenes at the struggles of the rival brothers for ascendancy. If one recognises in Dom Balthazar, the central figure, a powerful picture of a man naturally violent, fiercely remorseful for his sin, it might be wished that the sin were smaller and the man less obtuse—for he killed his father under circumstances that gave little excuse to the crime, and, worse still, allowed an innocent man to be executed for the murder. Ten years of intense remorse in a monastery seems hardly sufficient punishment. He insisted upon confessing to the brother-monks, who were horrified and hostile; not satisfied by this, despite the orders of his Prior, he confessed to the congregation, and then was cast out of the chapel by order of his Superior, and perhaps was punished by the civil powers or possibly caused a scandalous strife between the laity and the ecclesiastical authorities. One recognises the beauty and dignity of the verse, and subtlety of many passages, without necessarily being enthralled by the play. M. Carlo Liten gave an admirable performance in the chief part—not quite sufficiently restrained at times. The production was somewhat handicapped by the choice of the distinguished actress, Mlle. Marie de Lys, for the part of Brother Marc, since her sex had a disturbing effect, despite the cleverness of her work. M. Grommelynck played superbly as the Prior; and Messieurs de Warfaaz and Renaud and others acted admirably.

A NEW NOVEL.

"A Green Englishman."

BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.
(Smith, Elder.)

"And Other Stories of Canada" is the subtitle to Miss Macnaughtan's book. These are really jolly stories, which need not be taken to mean all uproariously happy ones; Canada is no less stern with her children than any other land of promise and disappointment; but when suffering broods in the air, as in the story called "Empire Makers," its touch is delicate and tentative, like the snowflakes that fall around that house of desolation in the prairie. There is something almost gracious in the manner of it, like the snow, and only the culmination brings a sense of the suffocating cruelty which it relates. How pleasant is that picture of the emigration-boat full of men, "all hopeful till the sea-sickness came on! They lay about on the decks, heedless of anything but their own sufferings. The women lay like corpses. The doctor came round with a bottle of brandy once and dosed them all, and that put a bit of heart into them, and they swore not so roundly that they were going back to England and would never leave it again. At the end of two days they were dancing on the decks, and someone had a concertina, and someone else beat on an old tray to give rhythm to the music, and food was eaten almost by the bucketful after the fast which had prevailed. Hope came back again. In the evenings they sang songs, and the men laughed at the discomforts of the trip, feeling strong; and the women with their babies and their chattels looked westward with set faces, and never dreamed of giving in. But it was an untried world in front of them, and who knows what sorrows—who knows what joys?" That is a long quotation, but such a charming picture, and none could be better as example of the writer. Logie the Scotch peasant, or Peregrine the English aristocrat with his attendant butler, the sorrows or joys—they are all human and entertaining as lived out in that West Country of bracing rigours and wonderful relintings. Intimate and personal knowledge of Canada is evident on every page.

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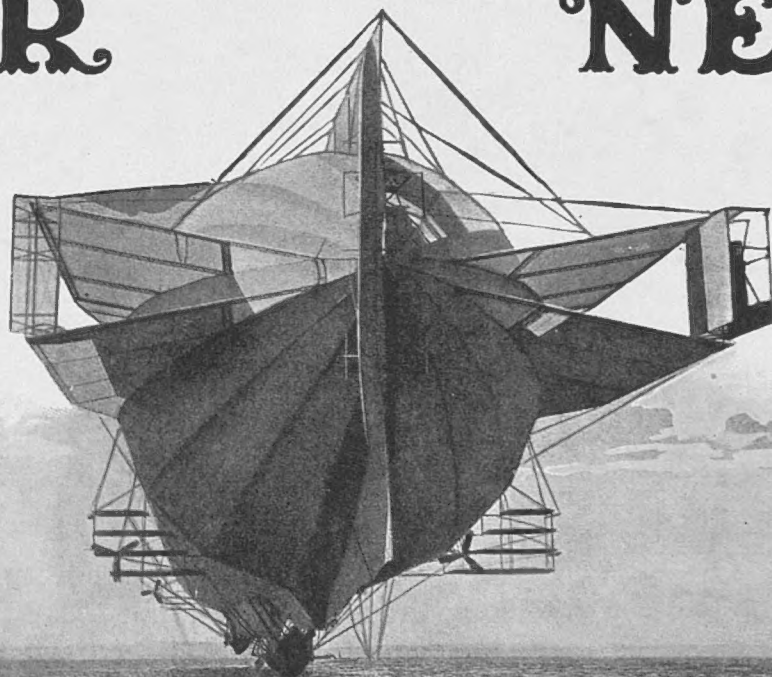
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